

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

GALLANT EXPLOIT.

The Rebel Schooner Judith Burnt by the Federal Forces at the Navy Yard, Pensacola.

We illustrate to-day as daring a deed as any of the last war, the burning of the privateer Judith, on the 13th September, under the very guns of the Confederates. We avail ourselves of Major Vogdes', of Fort Pickens, spirited account of the affair:

"Three barges from the Colorado, containing 20 sailors and 65 marines, under the command of Lieutenant Russell, arrived at the fort shortly after dark last night. Captain Reynolds, of the marines, and one or two midshipmen accompanied the expedition.

"Upon each barge a 12-pound howitzer was mounted, loaded with grape and shrapnel.

"The officers and men disembarked at the fort, and remained on shore until about one o'clock, then again embarked and made their way towards the Navy Yard.

"Arriving within a few hundred yards, the boats separated, one making for the schooner Judith, lying alongside the dock, a short distance off from the battery, where the 10-inch columbiad is mounted. The second boat headed for the dock, while the third lay off a short distance, to cover the retreat with her gun.

"They were espied by the sentries when off a hundred yards or

thereabouts, and hailed. The answer was given, "Guard boats!" and, as they had crept up near the island shore, some distance above the Navy Yard, and came down as if from Pensacola, they were mistaken for guard boats approaching from the latter place, until but a few yards intervened between them and their respective destinations. A sentry upon the dock first discovered the mistake, and fired his musket at the boat approaching him, then turned to give the alarm, but was stopped by a well-aimed bullet.

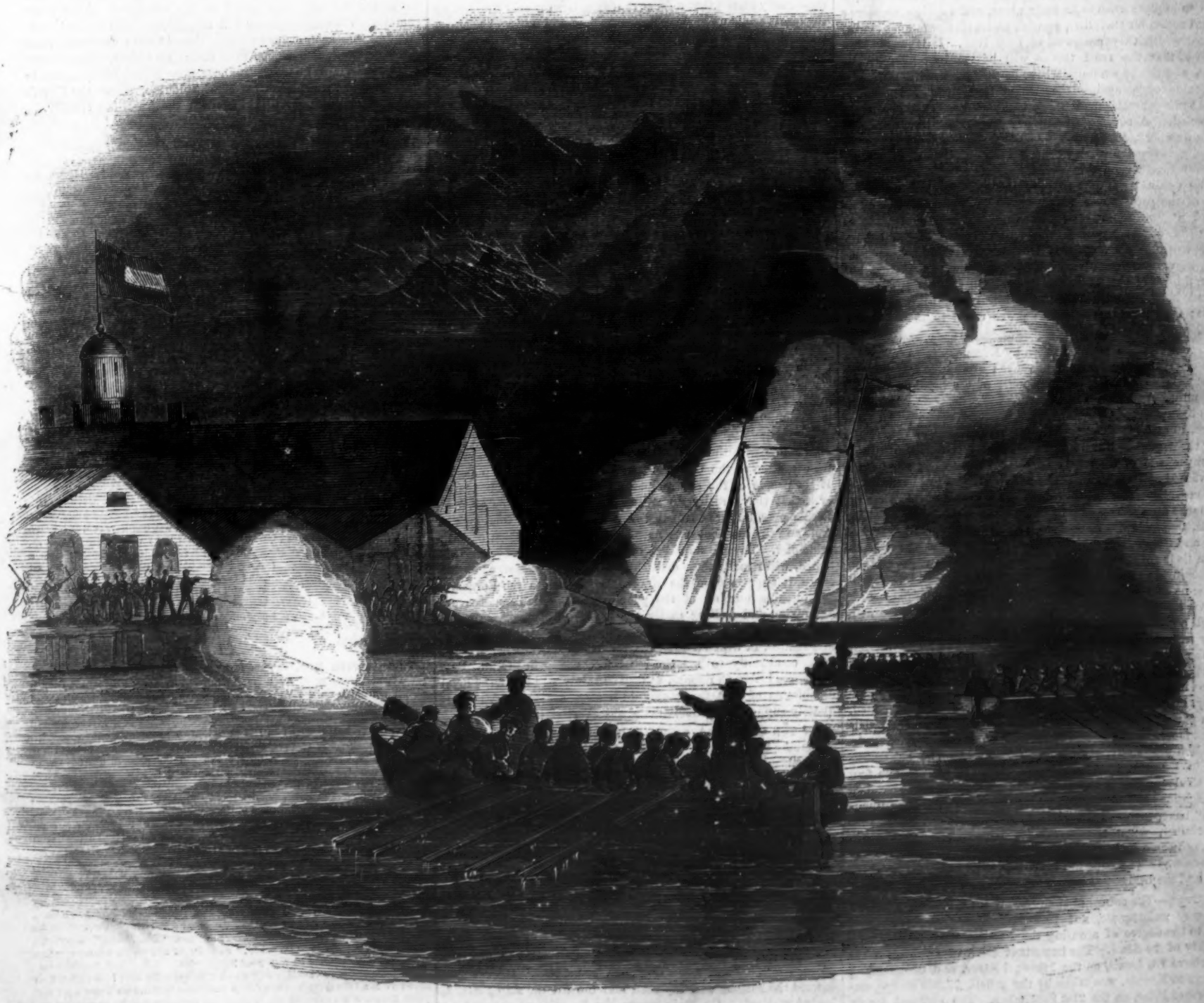
"The men sprang ashore just as the long roll sounded to alarm the soldiers stationed there. The other sentries fled. The gun was reached, and one man, before prepared, proceeded to spike it. Just as he had most effectually completed his job, a Confederate officer, rushing ahead of his men, who were congregating, from all directions a few hundred feet off, confronted him. The marine turned, drew his cutlass, and cut him down; then hastily followed his comrades into the boat, and put off from shore, followed by a shower of musket balls. Meanwhile the crew of the other boat, which had taken the schooner in charge, were not quite so successful. On nearing the vessel, some 12 or 15 shots were fired at them, killing two, and, it is feared, mortally wounding three others. They kept on, however, under a galling fire, boarded the schooner, cut down two or three of its crew who failed to make their escape, then collecting all the combustible material they could find, set fire to it in

the cabin, after which they cut the schooner loose and let her drift away from her moorings. They then embarked again in the boat, bearing with them one man, killed aboard the vessel, it is said, by mistake, he being taken for one of the rebels and cut down by his friends.

"Lieutenant Russell was wounded quite severely in the shoulder, Captain Reynolds was also slightly wounded by a musket ball while retreating. The enemy, several hundred strong, had by this time come together and kept up a rattling volley of musketry upon them. Word was now given to pay them back; the howitzers were brought to bear upon the dark mass congregated upon the dock, they quickly belched forth their contents, which did fearful execution. There is no way of estimating the result, but it is supposed that at least 60 or 70 were put *hors du combat*. The men now bent to their oars with a will, rounding the point of land on which Fort Pickens is situated. They headed off for their vessel, giving us, as they passed the fort, and receiving in return, three such hearty cheers as never before broke upon the still morning air in the Bay of Pensacola.

"The schooner was completely destroyed. She was of about 250 tons burthen, and had on board one pivot and four broadside guns. Her loss will be very much felt by the rebels.

"The men killed in the engagement were buried upon the island. They were brave fellows, and the country will mourn their loss."



BRILLIANT NAVAL EXPLOIT IN PENSACOLA HARBOR—BURNING OF THE REBEL WAR SCHOONER JUDITH, ON THE 14TH SEPTEMBER.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER IN THE EXPEDITION.

Barnum's American Museum.

THE LIVING HIPPOPOTAMUS from the River Nile, in Egypt, the only animal of the kind ever seen in America, and really the GREATEST WONDER OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM, the great Behemoth of the Scriptures, so graphically described in the Book of Job, where it is said, "Upon the earth there is not his like," is to be seen here a few days longer, as is also the What is it? Sea Lion, Aquaria, &c. Dramatic Performances twice a day, at 8 and 7 1/2 o'clock P. M. Admissions to all only 25 cts. Children under ten, 15 cts.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Publisher.—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 5, 1861.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A PAGE of this paper does not always afford room enough for the proper representation of the more important events and actions of the war. It is sometimes necessary to present double and even quadruple pages. This is unavoidable. A Michigan subscriber who "wishes to bid his papers," asks how it is to be done "without damage to these large and important engravings?" Our binder reports that the difficulty is very easily remedied by placing the thirteenth and fourteenth folios immediately after the fourth folio, without any inconvenience to the reader, as the pages are complete in themselves.

State of the Nation.

THE CAPITOL.—Troops still continue to be massed around the Capitol, and feverish rumors of movements on one side or the other continue to agitate the local population, and are daily spread far and wide by the telegraph. The only movements of consequence, however, have been the evacuation of Munson's Hill by the rebels (on the 28th), and the occupation of the abandoned works by the National troops. The enemy has also unmasked a series of batteries on the south side of the Potomac, from Occoquan River to Aquia Creek, a distance of nearly 20 miles, from which they have every day fired on all passing vessels, without, however, inflicting any serious damage. Accounts differ as to the efficiency of these batteries, some representing them as completely closing the Potomac, and others as only a source of annoyance that can be easily removed whenever necessary or desirable. Taken in conjunction with the abandonment of the advanced positions of the rebels before Washington, it seems to imply a change in their plans, and a design to force a general action on their own ground, and with advantages similar to those which they possessed at Bull Run. It is presumable, however, that the rebel tactics will be met by others equally adroit, and the impending decisive battle fought with no insurmountable odds against the Union forces. The impression seems to be general, on all sides, that a conflict cannot long be postponed. According to the best estimates, the respective armies number not far from 200,000 men each—a total of 400,000 men—by many times the largest body of armed men ever gathered together on this Continent. The battle once opened will no doubt be fought to its ultimate results, and prove decisive of the present war. Upon it probably hinges the destinies of a great nation and an entire continent—an issue as momentous as has depended on any single event in the history of the world. We may well hold our breaths, in solemn suspense, as we watch the progress of events and the gradual but sure approach of the Titanic struggle. On our youthful General and his inexperienced army rest responsibilities of fearful weight; God grant that they may prove equal to their support and adequate discharge!

KENTUCKY.—The position taken by Kentucky is an invitation to the General Government to advance its forces to her aid, and they are rapidly moving to the support of the loyal men of the State under Anderson and Crittenden. A detachment of Ohio troops has occupied Cynthiana, and another has moved to the interior, to assist in checking the further advance of the rebels under the renegade Buckner, from Bowling Green northward. The movements of the rebels in Kentucky are marked by the same vandal spirit which has characterized them in Missouri and Maryland. Burning bridges, destroying railways, blowing up canal locks are the common incidents of their progress. Failing to rule, they are determined to ruin, and the ameliorations of peace, and the highest achievements of labor and skill are sacrificed in their ruthless and unreasoning hate. The flight of John C. Breckinridge, and his reported adhesion to the rebels, will surprise no one who has watched his traitorous conduct. Few men ever attained so high a position as he once occupied with so small a modicum of real ability; and he now subsides into infamy without the recollection of a single act of public service, or of the utterance of a single noble sentiment to redeem, in ever so slight degree, a career to which that of Arnold is bright and glorious in the comparison. The son of Henry Clay, Mr. James B. Clay, less fortunate than Mr. Breckinridge, has been arrested, with a party of adherents, on his way to join the rebels. His conduct is noticeable, not so much from any importance attaching to him personally, as from the discredit which he has endeavored to bring upon the venerated name of Clay. The first blood shed in Kentucky, in the civil war which a disregard of her obligations to the country, under the guise of a false "neutrality," has provoked, was spilt near Barbersville, on the 18th of September, when a party of rebels endeavored to burn a bridge, protected by a small body of Home Guards. The loss of the rebels was severe, but their numbers were too great to be resisted, and the bridge fell a prey to the flames.

MISSOURI.—The course of affairs in Missouri has lately been in every way unfortunate, not to say disastrous to the national cause, to the degree of arousing the liveliest apprehensions for the safety of the State. The important town of Lexington, 350 miles above St. Louis, on the Missouri River, and commanding the route to Kansas, was taken by the rebels, 27,000 strong, under General Price, on the 21st September. The national forces, numbering barely 3,500 men, commanded by Colonel Mulligan,

after a desperate defence of five days against overwhelming odds, were finally compelled to surrender from want of water, having had nothing to drink for more than two days, except a small supply of vinegar. Previous to his surrender, Colonel Mulligan offered to take his army out to a level piece of ground and fight the rebel General in the open field, with the odds of four to one against him, but the challenge was declined and capitulation became an inevitable necessity. The gallant commander is said to have wept like a child when he found himself compelled to surrender. A large amount of stores, and a heavy sum of money, variously stated at from \$200,000 to \$600,000 fell into the hands of the victors. The rebels, unable to supply the prisoners with food, liberated them on parole, and they have returned to their homes. The loss on the Union side during the siege was 130; the loss of the rebels was very heavy, reported by one of their surgeons at upwards of 1,100 in killed and wounded. The responsibility of this severe loss—severe in a political as well as material and military sense—has been directly charged on General Fremont, who, it is alleged, had the ability to have reinforced Colonel Mulligan in time to prevent the disaster. There seems to be a general, almost universal opinion, that General Fremont, puffed up by conceit, and intent only on schemes of his own, has neglected the more important trusts confided to his hands, and proved himself incompetent to the duties of the high position to which he was elevated through a meretricious reputation, created partly by accident and in part through the exertions of influential friends and relatives. It is alleged also, that a timely intervention on his part could have saved General Lyon and prevented the disaster of Wilson's Creek—prevented, in fact, the whole series of reverses which have put a great State in deadly peril. Worse than this, it is openly hinted that Lyon was sacrificed, and the other Union leaders in Missouri placed in false positions where their credit could not fail to suffer, from jealousy on the part of General Fremont himself, and with some vague purpose of personal aggrandisement. Some of these allegations, it must be conceded, derive too much support from known facts, and to a certain extent justify public apprehension and suspicion. It is now said that the sacrifice of Mulligan and his brave little army, and the relinquishment of a commanding point on the principal line of water communication through Missouri, was a necessary part of a grand strategic scheme conceived by General Fremont, which is to overwhelm and utterly annihilate rebellion and the rebel forces in Missouri. And it is added that the General has now put his troops in motion, estimated at 70,000 men, in order to carry out this deep laid scheme, which is to surpass the strategy of Napoleon in the completeness of its success and the decisiveness of its results. We think it not unlikely that some important movement will be made by General Fremont at once, and we most devoutly hope that it will be crowned with all the triumph which he contemplates and his friends claim as inevitable. The public only knows that a great State has been nearly overrun by the rebels while under his administration, and unless he can retrieve the ground which has been lost, and that speedily, it will be fortunate for his reputation if he shall fall foremost in the fray, with his face to heaven and his feet to the foe! The dreary record of defeat in Missouri, it is but right to add, has been relieved by the brilliancy of several minor actions. On the 21st, General Lane, of Kansas, marching to the relief of Colonel Mulligan, surprised and routed a large body of rebels near Papinsville, with a loss to the latter of 40 killed, and 100 taken prisoners. He next made a forced march on the town of Osceola, and captured a large rebel supply train, and the treasury of General Rains, containing upwards of \$100,000. The proclamation issued by General Lane is characteristic, and deserves a place here. After announcing the purpose of his advance, and urging those in arms against the Government to disperse and come to him for protection, he concludes:

"Should you, however, disregard my advice, the stern visitations of war will be meted out to all rebels and their allies. I shall then be convinced your arming for protection is a sham, and rent assured traitors when caught shall receive the traitor's doom. The cup has been exhausted; treason will hereafter be treated as treason. The massacre of innocent women and children by blackhearted traitors lately burning bridges on the St. Joseph railroad, satisfies us that a traitor will perpetrate crime which devils would shudder to commit. They shall be blotted from existence, and sent to that hell which yawns for their reception. The two roads are open to you people of Western Missouri, choose you between them. The one leads you to peace and plenty, the other to destruction."

TENNESSEE.—Tennessee has been so long cut off from communication with the loyal States, that little has been known of the condition of the Unionists, who constitute a large majority of the people of the eastern part of the State. It seems, however, that they are by no means changed in their opinions or attachments, but are compelled to comparative quiet from lack of arms and the material aids necessary to the vindication of their principles. The full adhesion of Kentucky to the Union, it is hoped, will remedy these deficiencies. In anticipation of such a result, it appears from the Knoxville Register, a rebel organ, a considerable number of the people of Eastern Tennessee are organizing and drilling under the brave old flag. An attempt made to disperse them in Green county was resisted, and a conflict ensued, in which a number were killed on both sides. We look confidently to see the rebel forces expelled from East Tennessee before Christmas, as they certainly will be, if the loyal inhabitants of that free mountain region are meanwhile adequately supported by the national arm.

ON THE OCEAN.—A couple of brilliant exploits have added something to our naval renown. On the night of the 14th of September, a boat expedition from the United States frigate Colorado, off Pensacola, under command of Lieutenant John Russell, entered that harbor, and captured and burned the schooner privateer or war vessel Judith, which the rebels were fitting out at the Warrington Navy Yard. The Judith mounted four 42-pounders, and a long pivot gun amidships. The loss of the attacking party was three killed and 15 wounded. That of the rebels is said to have been heavy. Two men were hung by the rebels next day, supposed to have been the sentinels who permitted the surprise to be effected. Another similar and equally successful exploit was performed by detachments from the gunboats R. R. Cayler and Montgomery in the harbor of Apalachicola, Florida, on the 26th August. On the night of that day a boat expedition was fitted out from these two vessels, which entered the harbor, and captured and burned the ship Finland, loaded with salt. On their return the boats were chased by a rebel steamer and a privateer schooner, but escaped.

The rebel steam privateer Sumter has been heard from at Surinam, with the United States steamer Keystone State in full pursuit. The capture of the Sumter is only a question of time.

POSTSCRIPT.—The rebels before Washington, despairing of the success of an attack on the Union forces in front, have fallen back from all their advanced positions. Upton's Hill, as well as Fall's Church, have been evacuated, and are now held by the Union troops. The position of the rebels at these points appears to have been not very formidable. There were no signs found of guns having been mounted; their defences were simply rifle-pits, nor were there any evidences of tents having been there, or any other protection except rudely constructed sheds. An unfortunate error on the part of two divisions of the Union troops occurred on the advance of General Smith's force from Chain Bridge to Fall's Church. During the darkness of the night the Philadelphia regiment of Colonel Owens mistaking Captain Mott's battery, General Baker's California regiment and two other regiments for a body of the rebels, opened a tremendous volley upon them, killing and wounding several. The California regiment returned the fire with terrible effect. The guns of Mott's battery were then ordered to load with canister, and were about to pour a deadly volley upon Colonel Owens's men, when the mistake was discovered, in time to avert a terrible slaughter.

The Impending Battle.

THERE is no doubt that there are at least 300,000 men drawn up against each other, in nearly equal numbers, in and around Washington. Many estimate the aggregate rebel and national forces at 400,000. A struggle between these two immense armies cannot long be postponed. The integrity of the Union, the future of a great nation, the problem of Free Government, all depend on the success of the Union forces. On the other hand, the success of long-cherished schemes of ambition, for which the rebels have sacrificed honor and raised their parricidal hands against the Government of their fathers, and the lives and fortunes of the rebel leaders, hang on the issue of the battle. They fight with halts around their necks, and will fight with the desperation of despair. The contest, when it comes, cannot fail to be on a scale as grand as any recorded in history. The greatest battles of Napoleon were fought with inferior numbers. At Austerlitz he had but 80,000 men, and the combined Russian and Austrian armies numbered barely 100,000. At Jena his force was less than 130,000; at Wagram, 160,000; at Borodino, under the walls of Moscow, 120,000; and at Waterloo, but 80,000. The greatest numbers ever engaged during his career were before Leipzig, in 1813, when he commanded 175,000 men against the allies, Russians, Austrians, Prussians, Swedes, etc., numbering 290,000. This struggle, which lasted three days, was known as the "Combat of the Giants," and ended in the overthrow of the great captain. Washington never had over 30,000 men under him at one time; Jackson never had more than 15,000; and Scott, until this year, never saw 20,000 men under his orders. The nearest approximation in numbers to those now before Washington, in modern times, was at the battle of Solferino, where the French and Sardinians numbered 145,000, and the Austrians 170,000.

"HOW HAVE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!"—On the 25th ult. James B. Clay, a son of Henry Clay, was arrested with 16 of his men, while on his way to join the rebel General Zollicoffer. John C. Breckinridge, late Vice-President of the United States, was with the party, but succeeded in effecting his escape.

RESULTS OF THE CENSUS.—The Census of 1860 reveals some striking facts as regards population and its increase in the United States during the last decade. The rate of increase in the country at large was a little over 35 per cent. Great differences, however, are observable between the several States. There are 19 States below this average, the lowest in order being Vermont, 0.34 per cent.; then New Hampshire, 2.55 per cent.; and next, South Carolina, 5.28; Maine following with 7.73, and Tennessee with 11.68, and once powerful Virginia with only 12.27, while North Carolina shows only 14.23. Minnesota, on the other hand, increases from 6,077 inhabitants in 1850, to 162,022 in 1860, or at a rate of increase of over 2,500 per cent.; Oregon from 13,294 to 52,464, or at the rate of 394 per cent.; Iowa from 192,314 to 674,948, or at 251.22 per cent.; Texas from 212,592 to 602,482, or 183.37 per cent.; Wisconsin from 305,391 to 775,873, or 154.06 per cent. Arkansas increases 107 per cent, and Illinois over 100 per cent.

The average ratio of increase of slaves is 23.42 per cent. In two States—Maryland and Delaware—they have decreased in number. In two States only are they more numerous than the whites; in South Carolina, where they number 402,541 against 291,623 of the white inhabitants, and in Mississippi, 436,606 to 353,969 whites. Their largest number in any one State is in Virginia (490,887), and the next in Georgia (462,232).

The free colored population of the country shows a very small increase, only 10.68 per cent.

TASTES DIFFER.—Old Samuel Johnson once said "he had undergone all the trials of life except trial by jury, and that was one he would rather die than undergo." Mr. Foster, the able counsel for Mr. De Witt Littlejohn, said, in his recent speech in the great rebel suit, "It is a blessed privilege when a man can be tried by a jury. It is a still more blessed one when he can be tried by those whose sympathies are, and ought to be, like his own." That is just what we don't want. We pass over the blessed privilege of being a criminal. A man can then suit himself. But we decidedly object to have our criminals tried by juries whose sympathies are like their own. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and in this case we do not believe that a man ought to be tried by his peers.

THE "PEWTER MUG."—This far-famed, but in its exterior aspect and internal arrangement most modest, almost squalid resort of the radical section of what President Van Buren called the "non-hearted democracy of New York," is among the things past. It has expired with the partisan organization with which its name has been inseparably associated in the mind of every New Yorker, and its fate is ominous of that which impends over Tammany Hall itself. The great rebellion and the vast and vital issues to which it has given rise have swallowed up for ever all the partisan questions with which we used to distract ourselves, and will lead to new combinations and party organizations and watchwords. At present, thank Heaven, the North presents an unbroken front, and its people, whatever their previous political affinities, occupy a common ground of Union for the Constitution and the Law. At the end of the war, and when the reorganization of the country is commenced, men will no doubt range themselves in different political camps, with new names, aims and principles, and with new leaders. Then other Pewter Mugs will doubtless arise, wherein caucuses will be packed, nominations fixed, intrigues consummated, and what is called the "dirty work" of partisan politics performed.

The Pewter Mug became the headquarters of a faction which split off from Tammany Hall in 1828, thirty-three years ago, since which time it has been a favorite resort of the inferior ranks of the Democratic party, through all its phases of "Locofocoism," "Barnburnerism" and "Hunkerism," down to its acme of adhesion to "Unionism," and the blazon on its banners, "The Union, it must and shall be preserved!"

The place of the Pewter Mug will know it no more for ever! Whether it is to revive in all the splendors of marble and brown stone we know not; nor yet if Brown will return to the scene of his former triumphs, to gladden the hearts and exalt the spirits of his multitudinous customers. At any rate, an old city landmark has disappeared with the tenor of Tammany. As observed

by a contemporary. "It has outlived many who helped to give it consequence, and now naturally follows its old friends and patrons to the grave."

We had in our last paper a fearful illustration of that most terrible of all accidents, burning to death. The Paris paper, *Galignani*, contains another proof of how careless ladies are of their own lives. With the present style of dress, they live in the most fragile of frames, and at the same time the most susceptible of destruction. Nevertheless, they will obstinately run the risk, when the lightest gossamer might be made indestructible by a simple chemical mixture almost costless. When will the ladies think it worth while to take care of themselves? We read:

"Another of those fearful accidents, caused by the extremely inflammable nature of ladies' summer toilets, occurred in Paris the day before yesterday. A foreign lady, staying at a hotel in the Rue Hyacinthe St. Honoré, was preparing tea for two female friends who had called to see her, when one of her sleeves caught fire from a spirit-lamp on the table, and all her dress was immediately in a blaze. Her two friends rushed out of the room, crying for help, which it was impossible for themselves to render. The waiters of the hotel were instantly on the spot, but before they could extinguish the flames the unfortunate lady was so dreadfully burnt that she expired the next morning after dreadful sufferings."

As a pendant to the foregoing, we give this simple preventive: "Muslin, etc., steeped in a seven per cent. solution of ammonia, or a 20 per cent. solution of tungstate of soda and then dried, may be held in a flame of a candle or gas-lamp without taking fire. That portion of the stuff in contact with the light becomes charred and destroyed, but it does not inflame, and, consequently, the burning state does not spread to the rest of the material. The cost is very trifling."

"BOSSING AROUND."—Paragraphs are current in the newspapers to the effect that "the United States Minister at Brussels" has visited Caprera, a great expense, for the purpose of offering to Garibaldi "a command in the Union army." It is stated, in the telegraphic despatches of the Paris papers, with great circumstantiality, that "His Excellency Sanford" had specially chartered the steamer *Dante*, from Genoa, for his visit to Garibaldi, at "the price" of 2,500 francs. It would not surprise us to hear that "Excellence Sanford," in an unexplicable suit of black, had also visited Abdel Kadir, Schamyl, and even Nena Sahib with similar propositions! Such a procedure would be delightfully characteristic; but we protest against the Government of the United States being supposed for an instant to be implicated in any such nonsense. If "Excellence Sanford," who is "Minister resident" in Brussels, chooses to indulge in the luxury of notoriety, which many people mistake for reputation, by chartering steamers for 2,500 francs a trip, and dashing about with a palpitating air of business and responsibility, very well; but the Government should have it understood that it is not to be held responsible for his foolishness. We can fight our own battles with aid of Garibaldi, or Abdel Kadir, or Schamyl, and when the President wants to send a message to an Italian subject, he probably will consult economy as well as propriety by employing the American Envoy in Italy, and not the "Minister resident in Brussels."

AFTER THE WAR.—The New York *Herald*, commenting on the unfriendly spirit manifested by certain European powers, pointedly observes: "At the conclusion of this war we shall have in the field over 300,000 veteran soldiers; and our navy will comprise over 500 ships of war, and we shall have a naval brigade of about 50,000 men. Let European governments be careful, then, how they treat us during the continuance of this war, for when we have settled our domestic troubles the slightest word of insult or provocation may lay loose upon Canada or Cuba this terrible force, and sweep the last vestige of monarchical rule from this continent."

THE WAR ON THE OCEAN.—The number of vessels captured by the United States war vessels in entering or leaving blockaded ports, or under rebel colors on the high seas, is 52, valued with their cargoes at \$1,917,200. The number of merchantmen and other vessels seized in Southern ports by the rebels, or captured by their privateers, is 64, valued, with cargoes, at \$2,791,400. The war on the ocean, therefore, in respect of captures, shows a net loss of 12 vessels and \$874,200 to the Union side—an additional commodity, if any were needed, on the inefficiency of our Navy Department.

THE REBEL ARMY.—The New York *Herald* publishes what it regards as a complete table of the rebel forces, with their stations, giving a grand total of 279,100 men, of which it estimates that about one-half, or in round numbers 140,000, are on the Potomac.

MATERIALS OF WAR.—During the first three days of last week 5,000,000 cartridges were sent from the arsenal at Watervliet, opposite Troy, to the Union armies. Four complete six-pounder batteries and six thirty-two-pounder batteries were also completed and shipped.

THE OATH.—A number of the political prisoners confined in the National Hotel at Fort Lafayette have been released on taking the following oath:

"I do swear that I will support, protect and defend the Constitution and Government of the United States against all enemies, whether domestic or foreign, and that I will bear true faith, allegiance and loyalty to the same, any ordinance, resolution, or law of any State Convention or Legislature to the contrary notwithstanding. And further, that I do this with a full determination, pledge and purpose, without any mental reservation or evasion whatever."

"LET JUSTICE BE DONE THOUGH THE HEAVENS FALL!"—The Providence *Journal*, in commenting on the course of affairs in Missouri, and recapitulating the reverses we have suffered, concludes with the following language, which is only an expression of the universal sentiment of the New England and Middle States:

"Now it is very evident that somebody is to blame for the loss we have sustained during the past eight weeks. Who it is we cannot at this time and at this distance from the scene of action undertake to say. But the public are demanding in a tone that is not to be mistaken that the author or authors of these blunders shall not be suffered to perish our cause in the West. No matter what man stands between us and success. He must be searched out and known and set aside. Nothing can shield incompetency now. Let the inquiry be made and judgment fearlessly pronounced. If we have, as is said, a splendid army in Missouri, let us hear of it sweeping McCulloch and Price down into the land of bayous and alligators. If we have not men enough, let them be raised forthwith. If they do not volunteer, let them be drafted. At all hazards, at any price, let these rebels be turned back, let Missouri be set free, let the highway to the Gulf of Mexico be opened."

THE FIRE FLAGS.—The Mayor, in a communication to the Common Council, dated September 23d, encloses a letter from Captain Vickers, Provost Marshal of Alexandria, stating that he had "found in a pile of rubbish the flags presented by the city of New York to the Fire Zouaves," and wishing to know what to do with them. A fact so disgraceful needs no comment.

ALLOTMENT TICKETS.—The War Department has made the necessary arrangements to carry out the act of Congress relative to allotments of pay. Hereafter the recruit, upon enrolling his name, has only to designate what proportion of his monthly stipend shall be given to his family, to have the necessary minute made, and the sum paid regularly. Large numbers of very desirable men have turned away from the recruiting station because the officer could give them no assurance as to provision for their families while they are absent on duty. Such assurance can now be had.

THE AZTECS OUTDO.—The land that produced the Aztec children has contributed another still more striking wonder for the curious—an Indian dwarf, 80 years old, but 17 inches high, born without arms or legs, yet perfect in health and speaking two languages. We understand that this extraordinary being is about to be exhibited in New York.

PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.—The Prince de Joinville, whose recent arrival in this country has been the occasion of much comment, and whose son has entered the naval service of the United States, was the third son of Louis Philippe, and was born in 1814; he is consequently 47 years old. In 1838 he had reached the rank of Post Captain in the Navy, and at the bombardment of Vera Cruz was in command of the frigate *Cecilia*. He sailed with the expedition to St. Helena, in 1841, in command of the *Belle Poule*, and brought the remains of Napoleon to France. His report to the King on that occasion and the reply are as follows: "Sire, I present to you the ashes of Napoleon." Louis Philippe replied: "I receive them in the name of France." The Prince visited this country the year after, and afterwards went to Rio Janeiro, where he married the Princess Francesca of Braganza, the sister of Don Pedro II. In 1844 he commanded the French fleet on the coast of Morocco, and after the bombardment of Tangier and Mogador arranged a treaty of peace between the Moors and France. Since 1848 he has lived in retirement.

THE NATIONAL EAGLES.—A correspondent of the *National Intel* *Ligence*, referring to the difficulty of distinguishing the national and rebel colors in battle, suggests mounting a gilt carved or cast eagle on each flagstaff as a distinguishing emblem. He adds: "The eagle can be cut or cast so as to weigh very little; it need not be expensive, comparatively; may be placed on the staffs now in use, and recognized as far as the eye or glass can reach. No objection in reason can be urged against its adoption by the Government; nothing can be more appropriate, or more readily or cheaply procured, and, in the present low state of the mechanical arts in 'Secession,' the emblem could not be soon or easily counterfeited or stolen."

THE LADIES OF HOBOKEN presented the Forty-fifth regiment New York Volunteers with a splendid "black, red and gold" stand of colors, on the 6th September, at Landmann's Park. The regiment is a German one, and one of the best that has left for the battle field. The Colonel, George von Amberg, is a Hungarian by birth, who, after finishing his education at the University of Göttingen, entered the Austrian army. He was attached to a Hungarian cavalry regiment, in which he held the post of Lieutenant-Colonel. When the Hungarian Revolution broke out, Colonel von Amberg took the part of the insurgent Hungarians against the Austrians. He fought in most of the principal battles, and was made a Brigadier-General by Kossuth. At Villagos he fell into the hands of the enemy. By court martial he was sentenced to 16 years' imprisonment. After nine years' imprisonment in Hohen Asperg he was pardoned, under the condition to leave Germany. Colonel von Amberg came about four years ago to the United States.

The ferocity of impotence is far beyond that of strength. A tiger is nothing to an angry editor, whose rage is always in inverse ratio to his power. The Kentucky *Lexington Statesman* has found it necessary to suspend its usual daily dribblings of treasonable venom. We cheerfully give its last editorial:

"We know the bowl of joy with which this announcement will be met. If it gives you joy to see a free paper suppressed by its own voluntary choice, rejoice, for such you now see. For some time past this paper has been published at a loss, in consequence of the prostration of business generally. We have advocated peace. We know a vast majority of the people in the slave States—on this side—agree with us in sentiment. We see what has been done elsewhere. We know that only a few days are left to us. It may be said that all we say is for harm and against the Government. Therefore we close our issue on this day. We do so in the sternest defiance to the most infamous and unmanly tyranny that has existed on the face of the civilized earth within the last two hundred years. When the time comes that a free man can utter his sentiments without the Bastille in his face this paper will assume its old position. It is not the fear of the Bastille, but the hope that some good may be done to a down-trodden people by our silence for a time. As far as we are concerned, it is defiance to a tyrant and all his power. A free press has ever been the foe of tyrants, and we hope it may be free again in this country."

We regret that the above did not come in time for the *Budget*, for it has one sentence which, for fun, "outjeremiads Job." "It is not the fear of the Bastille, but the hope that some good may be done to a down-trodden people by our silence." If anything could reconcile a down-trodden people to whatever goes over it (to continue the rascal's metaphor) it is the silence of such rebel beldry as that which found utterance in the *Lexington Statesman*. It is really paying too dear that our waste paper should have the brand of treason on it.

SMALL DEER.—A number of people, presumably as a joke, some time ago addressed a petition to the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, asking for the extradition from the country of Mr. Russell, L. D., etc., on account of falsehoods and "treasonable matter" contained in his letters to the *London Times*, of which he is special American correspondent. To this petition Mr. Seward has found leisure to reply in full, in a manner so serious and deliberate as to make us suspect that he sees no joke in the affair at all. The gravity with which he declines to take any extreme measures against the "special correspondent," because "probably not 50 copies of the *London Times* ever find their way to our shores," and the owl-shout with which he reproaches such platitudes as "interference with the press, even in the case of an existing insurrection, can only be justified on the ground of public danger," are indicative of solemn earnestness worthy of Deberry himself, or of an irony so deep as to defy detection. When the Abbe McManis gets locked up for prying his spleen in a paper the name of which is hardly known beyond the small circle of his personal acquaintance, and when the "Bungtown Buglehorn" is suppressed by authority for treasonable utterances, we don't see why a mendacious correspondent of the *London Times*, "or any other paper," should be deprived of an equal and not unlovely covered as well as deserved notoriety. The truth is, Mr. Seward has been engaged in a very small and a very silly business in answering what, if genuine and not intended as a satire, was a very silly petition; and it is to be hoped that his "engagement with urgent public duties and cares," or which he speaks, will henceforth prevent the issue, if a proper sense of dignity fails to do so, of State papers on such contemptible subjects as William Russell, L. D., etc. We present too many points for merciless foreign satire, in our conduct of the war and administration of the Navy, without calling on the Department of State for additional subjects for universal cackling.

ODD FELLOWS.—The total number of Odd Fellow Lodges in the State of New York is 610; number of members, 13,734; yearly receipts, \$60,000, most of which is paid out in way of relief to the sick and widowed.

NATIONAL DEBT.—The following table shows the debt of the United States at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, at the close of the last war with Great Britain, and its probable amount in the coming year, together with the amount per head of the population at these three several periods:

	1787.	1815.	1862.
Debt.....	\$80,000,000	127,000,000	500,000,000
Per head.....	\$20	\$16	\$16 66

A SOUTHERN MONARCHY.—The following extracts from DeBow's *Review*, a well-known monthly exponent of Southern opinion, shadows forth some of the ideas of social and political reorganization which are floating in the minds of the Southern leaders, and which, should they be successful in permanently disrupting the Union, they will no doubt endeavor to put in practice. A nobility founded on property in slaves, with a subsidized army of "mean whites," and a King tak'n from some *effete* "royal family" of Europe, are among the plans of the great Rebellion. We would suggest young Bomba, late of Naples, as an appropriate Sovereign for the Empire of Cotton-land!

"England," says the *Review*, "has once tried to dispense with nobility, and France twice, but each experiment was a failure. In America we have the aristocracy of wealth and talent, and that aristocracy is some what hereditary. The landed aristocracy of the South, who own slaves, approach somewhat to the English nobility. Time must determine whether the quasi aristocracy of the South has sufficient power, permanence and privilege to give stability, durability and good order to society. It is sufficiently patrician and conservative in its feelings, but we fear wants the covers, privileges and prerogatives that the experience of all other countries has shown to be necessary."

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

MASSACHUSETTS has now in the field sixteen full regiments, seven unattached companies of infantry, and one complete battery of artillery. There are now in the State, in course of organization, six regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry and three batteries of artillery.

IOWA has six regiments of infantry and two of cavalry in the field. Three more regiments of infantry and one of cavalry are in camp, nearly organized, making a force of over 9,000 infantry and 3,000 cavalry, or, in round numbers, 12,000 men. Governor Kirkwood has just issued a proclamation calling for four more regiments, two of which are to be used exclusively on the borders of the State.

CONNECTICUT has now five Brigadier-Generals in the field, viz.: General Totten, Mansfield, Benham, Sedgewick and Wright. They are all West Point men, and all but General Sedgewick members of the Corps of Engineers. Totten is from New Haven, Mansfield from Middletown, Benham from Meriden, Sedgewick from Litchfield, and Wright from Cheshire.

ILLINOIS has furnished 47 regiments, and is rapidly organizing 13 more, in addition to the thousands of troops she has furnished to Missouri regiments. In a short time she will have supplied the Government with 60,000 troops—and good ones, too—sturdy, brave, docile, and loyal in men, who are willing to fight for the Union, and suffer for it.

MICHIGAN has organized 12 regiments, numbering 13,000 men, eight of which are now in the vicinity of Washington, and the other four will soon be ready to take the field. Besides these 13,000 volunteers, not less than 3,000 have left the State and united with other regiments.

The whole number of pupils at schools, both public and private, in the 15 slaveholding States in 1850 was 699,079; this State of New York, 727,223. Virginia expended in 1854 for the education of poor children \$30,404, and for the maintenance of a public guard \$73,189.

THERE is quite a flood of emigration from Western Texas and Missouri to the shores of the Pacific, as many as 50 to 70 wagons a day passing en route.

The Navy Department has accepted propositions from Messrs. S. S. Bushnell & Co., of New Haven; Merrick & Sons, of Philadelphia, and J. Erickson, of New York, for the construction of iron-clad vessels.

The first railroad in Oregon has just been built on what is called the "transit across the cascades." The road is of substantial construction, is three and three-quarters of a mile long, and most of it is on trestle work of a dizzy height.

The fact that the name of the colonel of the 4th Vermont Regiment is Stoughton, and the name of a captain of the regiment is Todd, has given rise to the following conundrum: Why are men so anxious to enlist in the 4th Vermont regiment? Answer—Because they can have Stoughton with their Todd.

The Cincinnati Annual Conference of the Methodist Church resolved their thanks to General McClellan for his Sabbath observance proclamation.

The Mayor of Leavenworth, Kansas, has issued a proclamation ordering all the stores in the city to close, and all business operations to cease between the hours of four and half-past six o'clock in the afternoon of each day, for the purpose of giving all persons time to perfect themselves in the use of firearms.

The Union sentiment continues to work disastrously upon the Secession Journals and editors of the North, and in the loyal sections of the border slave States. Our lists now exhibit the following results:

Papers suspended by the authorities.....	17
Destroyed by mobs.....	10
Died naturally.....	5
Denied the mails.....	6
Changed to Union.....	7
Editors in prison.....	6

THE Mississippi, a magnificent steamer of 2,019 tons and the largest vessel built of iron in this country, was launched in Boston on the 19th. Her length over all is 295 feet; breadth of beam, 39 feet; depth of hold, 25 feet. She draws when light 6½ feet forward and 9 feet aft, and when loaded her draft will probably be 16 feet. The hull is of iron up to the main deck, above which she is built substantially of oak timber. Beneath the main deck the vessel is divided into five water-tight compartments.

AFTER the capture of Fort Hatteras, one of the shells was found to have pierced the rebels' powder magazine, without bursting. On examination, it appeared that the gunner, whose duty it was, had forgotten to tear off a small leather cap, ordinarily put on for safety. This was the only shell thrown that did not explode. Had the cap been removed, the fortification would have been blown up, and not a handful of men left alive to be captured as prisoners of war.

The canal system of the State of New York is triumphantly vindicating the enlightened policy which persevered through all difficulties till "the enlargement" was substantially completed. Its present onward and upward course is illustrated in the contrast between the gross receipts of 1859, when canal trade literally touched bottom, and those of the present year, 1861—taking the 1st of September in each year as the standpoint for the previous twelve months:

1859.....	\$1,514,363
1860.....	2,381,301
1861.....	3,366,822

THE Military Department of Ohio will in future consist of Ohio, Indiana, and that part of Kentucky within 15 miles of Cincinnati. General Allott is to command, and has his headquarters at Cincinnati. So much of Virginia as lies west of the Blue Ridge is to consist of the Department of Western Virginia, under the command of General Rosecrans.

THE Panama Railroad Company voted to invest \$700,000 in Treasury notes. They have already taken \$100,000, and propose to recall their deposits from London.

A LADY of Columbus inquired of the spirit-rappers how many children she had. "Four," replied the spirit. The husband, startled at the accuracy of the reply, stepped up and inquired, "How many children have I?" "Two," answered the rapping medium. The husband and wife looked at each other with an odd smile for a moment, and then retired as believers.

THE whole valuation of the city of Providence is \$56,896,500; the rate of tax is 56 cents on each \$100, and the entire tax \$329,999 70. Last year the valuation was \$58,131,803; tax, 56 cents; whole tax \$325,638 08.

THE corn (maize) crop of the United States in 1840 was estimated at \$77,000,000 bushels; in 1850, 600,000,000; and in 1860, 900,000,000 bushels.

HON. GEORGE A. SHAW, Inspector-General of Army Supplies made in New England, says that there are 70 mills now engaged in manufacturing cloth for the Government, and that the amount of goods ordered is about \$20,000,000.

Foreign News.

The latest advices contain nothing of importance. England is in a state of profound political repose, the only questions engaging its attention being the American crisis and the Italian question, which now occupies a very subordinate place. France is equally quiet—the solitary ripple being a pamphlet on the eternal papal question, which, if reflecting the Emperor's opinion, does badly for his Holiness. Hungary is rapidly approaching another outbreak—the Government having ordered that the taxes shall be collected by military process. Rumors are still prevalent of the exchange of Sardinia for Rome, but nothing definite is known. It is not likely that Louis Napoleon would choose such a time for the only measure that could give England an opportunity of forming a coalition against him, and the joint expedition of France and England against Mexico is sufficient proof that he contemplates no grand European coup this year.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—In its scenic features the new place at the theatre is unrivalled by any which has yet been produced in this country. Neither pains nor expense has been spared to make them beautiful and effective. There are, moreover, some admirable groupings, and a sufficiently speaking substitution of flesh-colored tights and twinkling ankles. But when we have said this, we have exhausted all that can be said in the way of commendation. The drama of the piece, for it has neither plot nor coherence, is the most abject, melancholy rubbish that was ever inflicted on the suffering ear of a degraded public. Not a ray of wit or genius enlivens its dreary stupidity, and the sooner it is cut out, and the place reserved into a series of tableaux, with music between, if only by an ordinary street organ, the better for the reputation of the theatre, and the more satisfactory to the public.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Prestidigitateur, Hermann, has completely changed his programme, albeit the public were satisfied with it as it stood, and has introduced an entirely novel series of performances, if possible more remarkable and marvellous than the first. He is now assisted by the charming Mrs. Hermann, who "does" second-sight and clairvoyance in a manner that puts to shame all spirit-rappers and mesmerists. The Foxes may ride their diminished heads, and Andrew Jackson Davis go to planting conical cabbagees.

WINTER GARDEN.—This old favorite holds its own against all competition, Mr. Wood still remaining the star ascendant and attractive. We learn that the management have a series of novelties in preparation sufficient to meet all the requirements of metropolitan audiences.

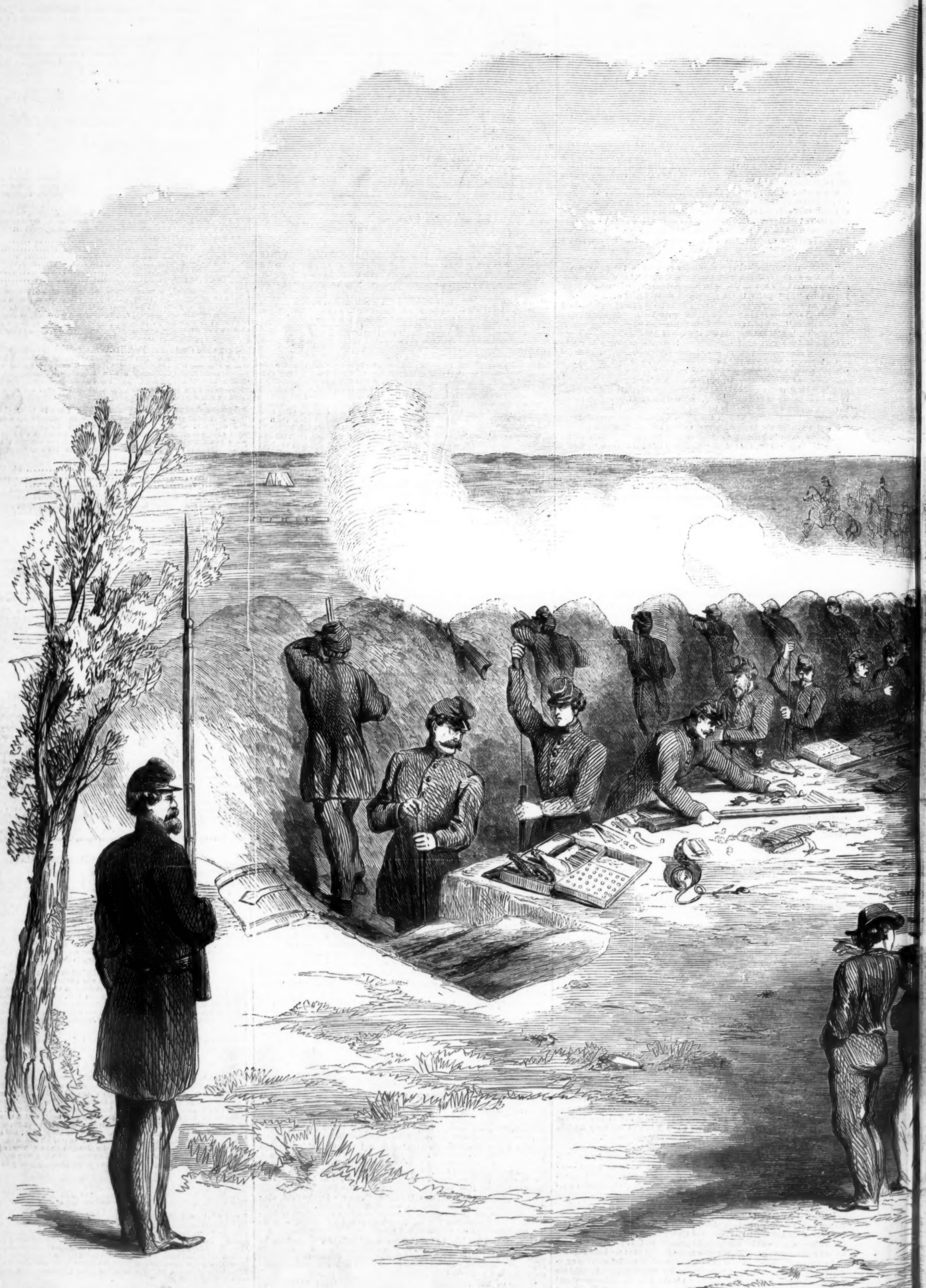
MISCELLANEOUS.—It is reported that Signor Muzio, in conjunction with Signor Roschi, is forming an opera troupe for a season in Havana, composed of the following artists: *Prime donna*, Miss Hinchley, Elena Kenner, Adelaide Ba-ggio and Mme. Masson; tenors, Louis Volpini, Lombardi and Bigaroli; baritone, Ferri and Felini; basses, Antonio and Nerini. Charles Mathews has written a comedy called "The Soft sex," which was extremely successful on the night of its production at the Haymarket Theatre, London. The author, however, remodelled and revised it very fully, and the piece is having a run. Its leading object is to show how weak and indignant women are when they assume to themselves the strength and attributes of men, and how irresistibly powerful and captivating they are when they adhere only to the softer and gentler charms and graces which properly belong to their sex.

Latest Intelligence.

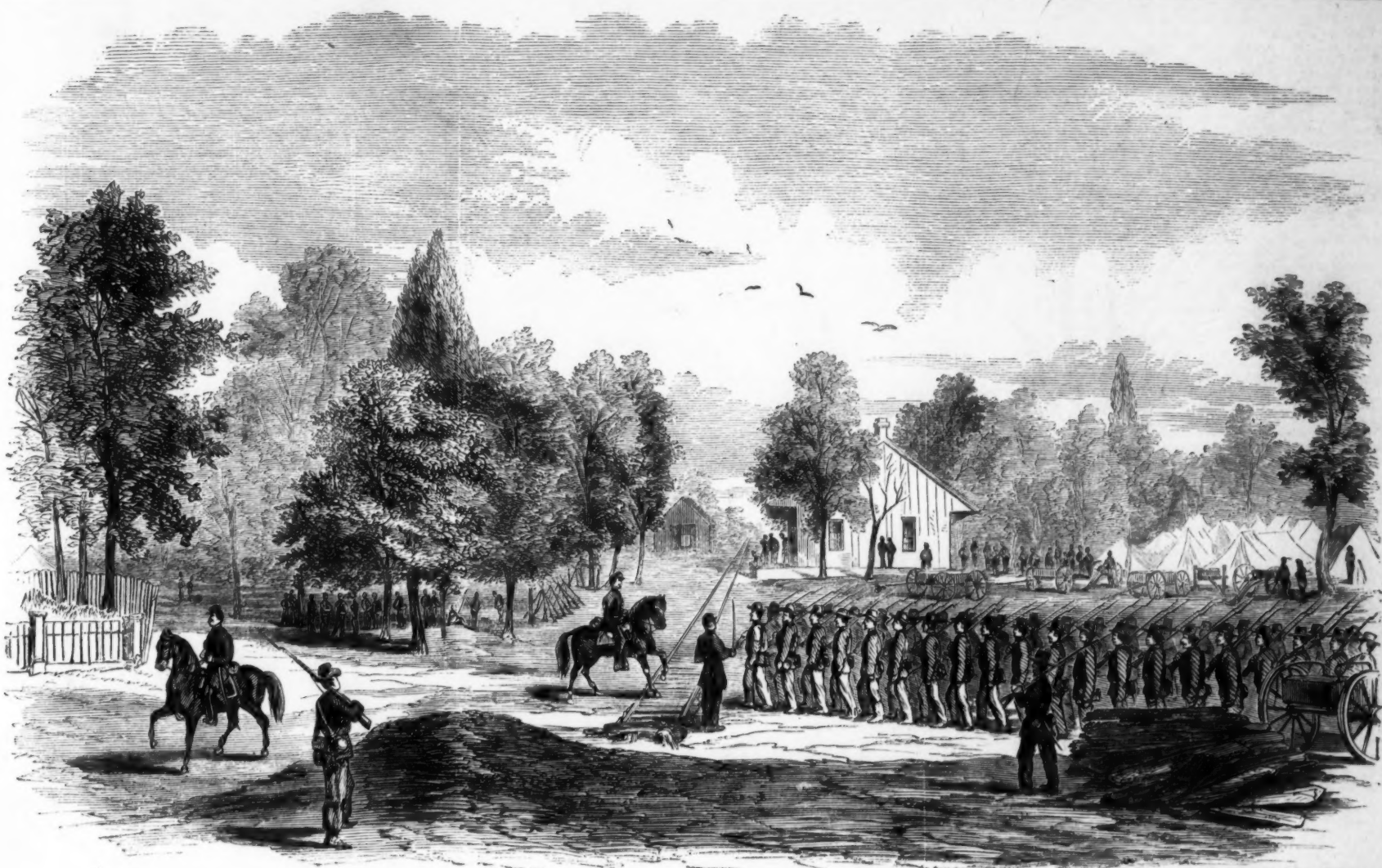
LATE advices from New Orleans, received at Cincinnati, state that Mississippi City has been taken possession of by our war vessels, and that all communication between New Orleans and Mobile by water is, consequently, cut off. This is a movement which the Louisiana and Alabama rebels have been anticipating and fearing for some time, and it was understood that vigorous measures had been taken to prevent it, under the supervision of the traitor Twiggs. All the important points on the Texas coast are also stated to have fallen into our possession. The details of these operations will be looked for with unusual interest.

MR. CHASE, the efficient Secretary of the Treasury, has returned to Washington from his visit to New York, having perfected his arrangements with the banks for the second \$50,000,000 of the National Loan.

AT noon, on Monday, the rebels moved in force, 10,000 strong, on the forts of the upper Potomac, but were repulsed with heavy loss. It is said to have been a concerted movement, and an attempt to accomplish the results which they failed to achieve in front of Washington.



"SHARPSHOOTING"—TRIAL OF SKILL OF BERDAN'S RIFLEMEN, BEFORE GENERAL MCLELLAN AND STAFF, NEAR



OCCUPATION OF PADUCAH, KY., BY UNION TROOPS, UNDER GENERAL GRANT, SEPTEMBER 6—VIEW OF THE NORTHERN TERMINUS OF THE MOBILE AND OHIO RAILWAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL GRANT'S COMMAND.

ARRIVAL OF UNION TROOPS IN PADUCAH, KY.

Our last number contained a view of Paducah and a brief description of the place. We now continue our illustrations of the war in the West, by another sketch from our Special Artist, representing the arrival of reinforcements from Cairo, Illinois. The recent action of the Kentucky Legislature renders Paducah more important every day. Being within four hours' steam of Cairo, there is no fear of the Union troops meeting with a similar disaster to that we have sustained recently at Lexington.

The correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican* gives the following interesting account of the new floating bridge constructing at Paducah:

"The barges, for bridging at any point the rivers, have arrived here from Cincinnati, and are being rapidly fastened together, making a floating bridge of great sustaining power. They are laid side by side, and a platform, giving much the appearance of a plank road, passes over the middle. In a few days the Ohio here will be crossed by a highway, which, while affording passage for any number of soldiers and the heaviest artillery, can be moved at pleasure, or, as the exigencies of the day require, to points above or below. Now that Government has awakened to the importance of Paducah as a post for future operations, it becomes a wonder that the perceptive faculties of those in power have on this subject no long remained dormant. Commanding entirely the Tennessee River, a tributary navigable for hundreds of miles, an avenue of boundless wealth, and whose course is through a bitterly hostile country, with the mouth of the Cumberland but a short distance above, and the Ohio entirely under control. Paducah, easy of access from all points

for Union purposes, becomes at once a centre of great military interest and power. Ever since the commencement of the war, until very lately, boats loaded with contraband goods have plied without interruption up the Cumberland and Tennessee, carrying aid and comfort of the most acceptable kind to the kingdom of the C. S. A. This is now impossible, and the occupation of Paducah will have the same effect, and almost as great a one, as that of Fort Hatteras. Paducah is the key to the enemy's territory here in the West, and over Kentucky's soil the armies will have to march that effect anything at present in the Confederate territory; and some move is already on foot that is expected to bring with it important results. Steamers now lying at the levee leave, it is understood, this evening for Evansville, and will bring down from there six thousand Indiana troops to this point. Activity prevails in every department, and evidently something's up. Any conjecture is under embargo, as there is one chance in a dozen that a guess might hit the truth. Two or three steamers are constantly busy towing the barges for the bridge into place, while others ply mysteriously off to points up and down the river."

SHELLING OUT A REBEL CAMP ON THE POTOMAC.

We have had heretofore to compliment Lieutenant Tompkins, of the 1st United States Artillery, for his excellent services. We have now to illustrate a recent incident, where, observing on the other side of the Potomac a rebel camp, he fixed one of his guns, and

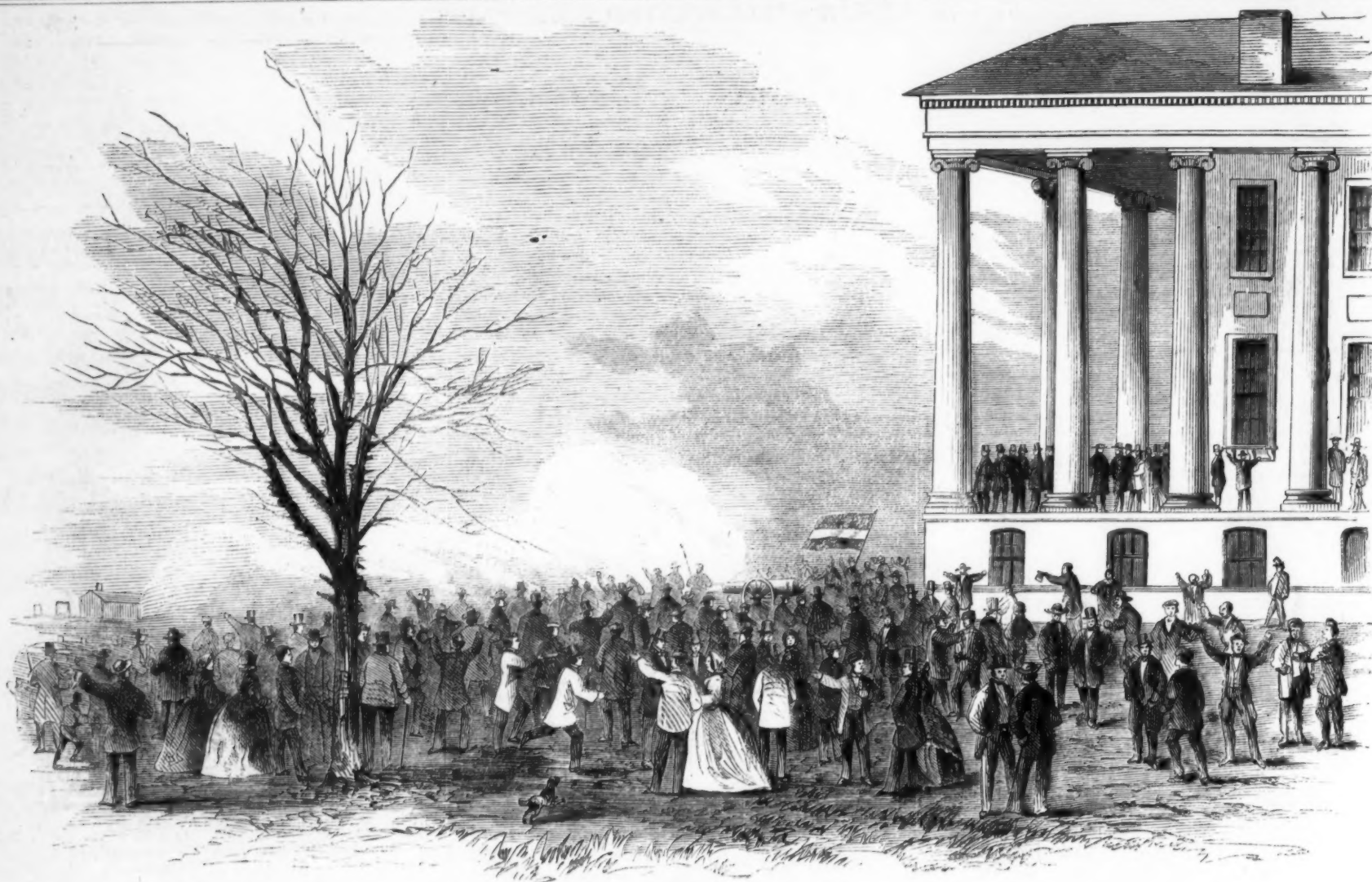
after one or two trials, got the range so perfectly that they fled in the greatest confusion. Despite the start the rebels got by Floyd's complicity, it does not seem that their artillery has ever accomplished what ours has done. We have repeatedly compelled them to break up their camps, while they have never yet once reached ours. They may have a numerous artillery, but it is certainly not one of long range, as evidenced by Mathias Point, Sewall's Point and other places. Our guns on the Rip-Raps reach the rebel batteries, but not one shot has gone near Fort Calhoun.

REVIEW OF THE BERDAN RIFLE REGIMENT.

It must be confessed that science, if not secretly provocative of ultra caution, yet takes from man that bovine daring which constitutes, in the public eye, the chief attraction of war and stamps men as heroes. And yet the agency of science in war is older than Archimedes, who, with his burning lens—if we are to credit Roman historians—set fire to the galleys of the enemy when they came within the focus of his silent battery at Syracuse. It is only within the last few years that the rifle has been brought to play its part on mass in war; a rifle, twenty years ago, was like a Toledo blade—too expensive for common use—and it is only within the last eight years that mechanical science has manufactured thousands to the one formerly made. This, of course, will in time equalise itself; but there seems to be little doubt that England's manufacturing skill saved her at Inkermann and the Tchernaya. Our wealth and skill will serve us equally well in the present unhappy conflict, for although the rebels, through the satanic villany of Floyd, stole a march upon us at the beginning



SHELLING A REBEL CAMP ON THE POTOMAC BY LIEUTENANT TOMPKINS, OF THE FIRST RHODE ISLAND ARTILLERY.—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



REBEL JUBILATIONS AT RICHMOND, VA.—FIRING A SALUTE OF 100 GUNS FROM THE CAPITOL, ON RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

yet we are fast recovering our ground, and every day will increase our advantages.

From the very commencement of the present war we have felt the want of that most necessary of all adjuncts to an invading army—sharpshooters—what the whisks are to a cat, and the antelope to an insect, sharpshooters are to an advancing corps. They are at once life and safety to the advance, and death and danger to the foe. Like all great commercial nations, the United States found herself terribly deficient in this most necessary arm, and the Government therefore accepted with promptitude the offer made by Mr. Berdan, one of the most celebrated of our shots, to raise a regiment of riflemen. He was, as a matter of course, appointed the Colonel. We have, from time to time, chronicled their progress in their camp at Weehawken, which their trials of skill made quite a famous spot—originally inaugurated as it was sixty years ago by the death of Hamilton by the hand of Aaron Burr. Our present number contains a sketch of the review of Berdan's riflemen by General McClellan on their arrival in Washington. A spectator thus describes the scene our Artist has sketched:

"This afternoon an exhibition in target practice was given by Colonel Berdan's Sharpshooters at Camp Barnside. The target was about six feet long by three wide, with two men, life size, painted upon it, and the distance fired was three-quarters of a mile. Out of 240 shots 130 hit the target, and nearly all the other shots struck very near it. Among those present were the President, who rode on the field in an open barouche, accompanied by the Prince de Joinville and Secretary Seward. The Prince's suite and two sons followed in a carriage. The party were received by the troops in fine style. The President reviewed the regiment. At a late hour Major-General McClellan and staff, including Generals Stodeman and Van Vleet, with Captain Barker's cavalry escort, arrived on the field. The General immediately rode up to the President and gracefully raised his hat and paid his respects to his Excellency and the Secretary of State. He next turned his charger and rode to the rear and dismounted and then returned to the Presidential group, where he entered into conversation with the Prince de Joinville and suite, and the Prince's two sons.

"General McClellan walked down the lines of the troops, looking every man in the eye, and afterwards watched with interest the progress of the shooting. He complimented the men for their skill, and expressed his gratification to Colonel Berdan at the neatness and excellent discipline that pervaded the camp, which is greatly due to Lieutenant Colonel Meade, recently detailed from the regular army, and who has labored industriously to perfect the men in drill and camp duties.

"There were also present General McDowell and staff, General Meigs and staff, General Mansfield and staff, Colonel Scott, Assistant Secretary of War, and Chief Clerk Leslie, of the War Department, and numerous other army officers of distinction.

"Among the distinguished foreigners present was Captain Stevenson, commander of the celebrated field battery of Montreal. A large number of ladies and citizens of Washington were present. The affair was successful, so far as the shooting was concerned, and was highly interesting to the spectators."

REBEL SALUTE IN HONOR OF THE BATTLE OF STONE BRIDGE, FIRED IN RICHMOND.

A CORRESPONDENT has sent us a sketch of the rejoicing manifested by the rebels when the news reached them of the battle of Stone Bridge, as they call the Bull Run *flasco*, for it was won on both sides—indeed, as the victory remained with neither party, the less said about it the better. Our sketch is taken from the front of Gov. Leitch's mansion, and represents the firing of the salute from the front of the State House, in honor of the battle.

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD, GOVERNOR OF IOWA.

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD was born in Harford county, Indiana, in 1813 and received the usual simple education of the State. His father

was a farmer, and young Samuel spent his days in agricultural and his evenings in more intellectual pursuits. But to a young and ambitious mind a rural life is only a vegetable state of existence, and in his 16th year the future Governor of Iowa was found serving apocryphal and mixing prescriptions in his brother's drug store in Washington city. A few years of this dry drudgery sufficed the future Governor, and in 1835 he went to Mansfield, Ohio, where, abandoning *Esculapian* for *Themis*, he turned his attention from rhubarb to law. He was soon admitted to the bar, and such was his genial nature and close attention to the business of his clients, that he was elected Prosecuting Attorney for that district without any serious opposition. In 1851 he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention from Richland county. Here his moderation, vigor and admirable temper made him quickly conspicuous. In 1855 he removed into Iowa State, where his fame had already preceded him, and the very next year he was chosen to represent the Iowa City District in the State Legislature. In 1859 he was nominated by the Republican State Convention as its candidate for Governor, and elected by a large majority over ex-Senator A. C. Dodge.

Till 1854 Governor Kirkwood was a Jacksonian Democrat, but the progressive spirit of the age, and the unblushing corruption of the Democratic party, drove him into the Republican ranks. In manner and dress he is a simple, unpretending man. He is a plain and forcible speaker. He generally resides on his farm, which is one of about 1,200 acres, and two miles west of Iowa city, on the Iowa river. He is universally respected, and is called the Farmer Governor.



Gov. SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD, GOVERNOR OF IOWA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. E. WALKER, OF IOWA CITY.

THE PULASKI MONUMENT, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

THE noteworthy cunning with which the Cotton States have made Virginia their catpaw has concentrated upon that unhappy mother of Presidents so much attention, as to throw the other States quite into the background. This is, however, as much caused by climate as circumstance. The advent of winter will change the *venue*, and very soon Charleston, Savannah, Mobile and New Orleans will feel, in "their own proper persons," some portion of the suffering that others feel already, and will continue to feel, in the shape of commercial distress and family bereavements. It seems to be the general opinion that at this minute the hand of our official Jove is about to hurl a thunderbolt at either Charleston or Savannah. We therefore give our readers in the present number a sketch of the Pulaski Monument, in the city of Savannah, erected, it is hardly necessary to add, to the memory of that gallant Pole, who fought so nobly for the independence of the Union the infuriated rebels are now so madly endeavoring to destroy. When the rebellion first broke out, and the Charlestonians sank hulks at the entrance of their harbor, the selfish men of Savannah rejoiced, inasmuch as they hoped it would build up their port at the expense of their infuriated sister; but the blockade has entirely frustrated such hopes, and trade is quite at a standstill in Savannah. It was till the present year a place of much commerce, containing about 36,000 inhabitants. It is situated 18 miles from the sea, and 96 miles south of Charleston. Its chief staples are cotton and rice.

The monument commonly called the Pulaski monument is situated in Johnson or Monument Square. It is a fine Doric obelisk of marble 53 feet in height. The base of the pedestal is 10 feet four inches by six feet eight inches, and its elevation is about 12 feet. The corner stone was laid by Lafayette during his visit to the United States in 1825. The needle which surmounts the pedestal is 37 feet high. Another and very elegant structure has also been erected to the memory of this gallant foreigner in Chippewa Square. Pulaski was killed in the attack made by the allied American and French armies in 1779, when the British held possession of Savannah.

GRAND REVIEW OF CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY IN VIRGINIA.

On the 24th of September General McClellan held a grand review of cavalry and artillery, which went off with great eclat. The troops consisted of two full regiments of cavalry, the 5th regular and the Kentucky Volunteers, together with such portions of the Lincoln, Ira Harris and Cameron Guards as had their horses and sabres. These made up above 2,000 men, and in addition there were eight batteries of U. S. Regular Flying Artillery, comprising 48 heavy rifled and howitzer field pieces, with caissons, carriages, horses, riders and gunners, in full quota. The review was held on a broad level common one mile east of the Capitol, at about three o'clock, P. M. It will be remembered that the camps of these regiments are situated near the extremities of Seventh and Fourteenth streets, and consequently the troops had to ride about three miles before they reached their parade ground. This gave the inhabitants a capital opportunity of seeing them on their way to their mimic scene of action. Thousands of men, women and children streamed after them, and it was a most animated scene. On the ground itself were gathered our most distinguished men. In a carriage were the President, his wife, and Mr. Chase. At four o'clock General McClellan, accompanied by his staff—among whom were the Comte de Paris and Duc de Chartres—rode upon the ground, and were received with six guns. The General rode slowly along

few stores that remain open are principally for the accommodation of our troops. Terribly has this wicked little town paid for its senseless and malignant treason. The Town Hall, of which we give an exact sketch, is now devoted to military purposes, we hope soon to be restored to its more legitimate functions. Alexandria is well defended by entrenchments around it, the principal of which is Fort Ellsworth, built on Shuter's Hill. We gave a view of this fortification in No. 306.

ACCIDENT ON THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.

On the evening of September 17th, about half-past eight, as a train, carrying Col. Torchin's 19th Illinois regiment, was passing over a bridge, near Huron, Ind., about 143 miles west of Cincinnati, 13 from Mitchell, and 52 from Vincennes, the bridge broke, and the train fell through, and four cars, crowded with soldiers, were precipitated into the creek. The bridge had a span of 60 feet, and was 10 feet high. The cars contained the companies E, F, G and I, mustering about 250 men. The killed were 38, and the wounded 107. It was at first thought that the bridge had been tampered with by the rebels, but a careful investigation has shown it was the result of that wicked indifference to human life which has placed most railroad officials, not even excepting those of New York, on the same platform with other criminals.

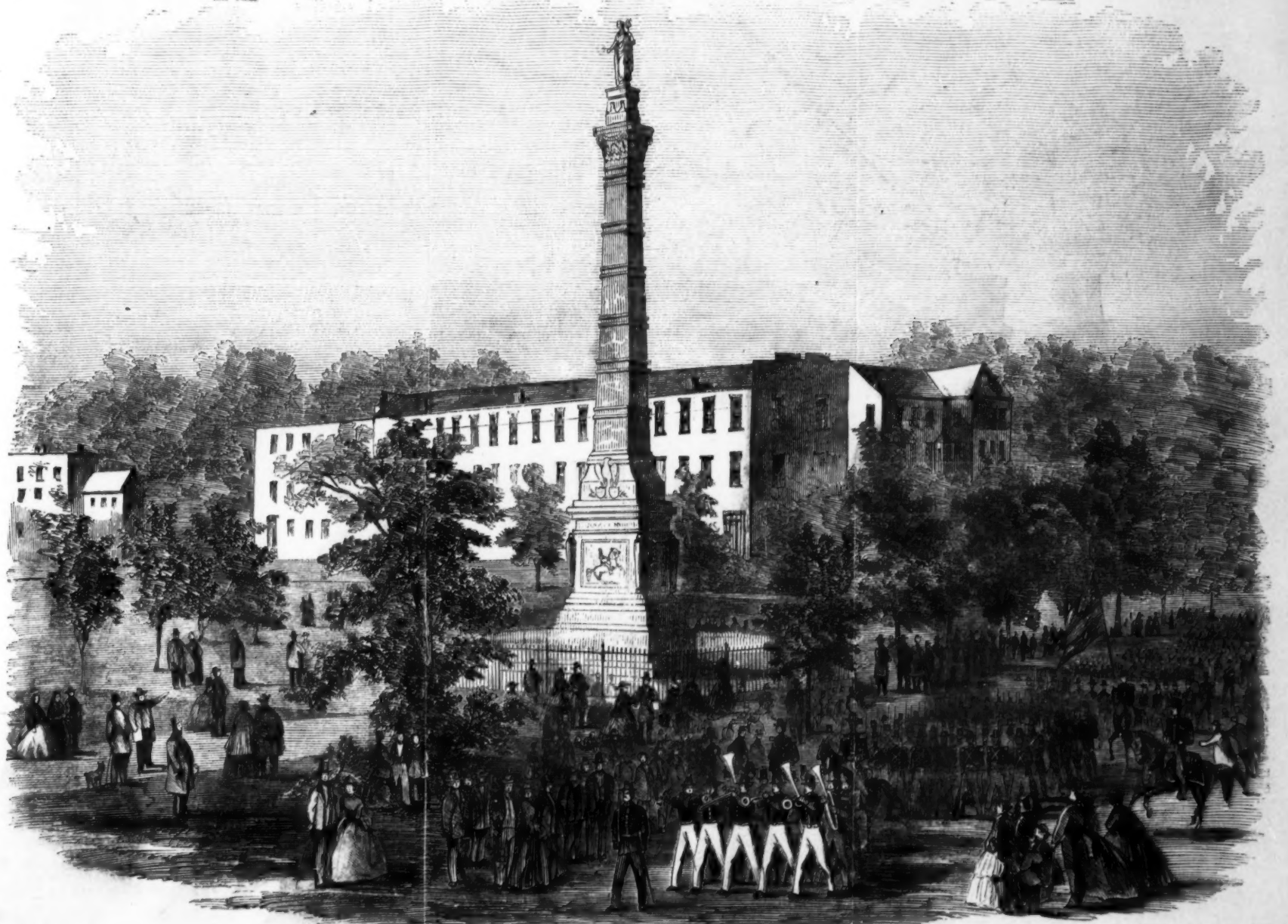
The Coroner's jury reports that after an examination of the bridge and others built of the same materials, they conclude that the accident was not occasioned by any insufficiency of timbers or iron work, but attribute the accident to a broken rail found at the west end of the bridge. As the locomotive, tender and one passenger car passed over in safety, the latter car, as appears from marks on the timbers, misplaced the iron and cross-ties, which threw the remainder of the cars from the track as they entered the bridge, thus precipitating them against the truss and cords, and breaking the bridge down, and not from any weakness or decay of timber.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN THE ALPS.

There is news from Switzerland, says an English paper, which painfully recalls the memory of a terrible catastrophe which happened on the Grand Plateau of Mont Blanc, on the 20th of August, 1820. On that day a party, consisting of Dr. Hammel and some gentlemen from Geneva, started up the mountain, accompanied by several guides. A descending avalanche swept off three of the latter, by name Auguste Tairraz, Pierre Balmat and Pierre Carrier, all three belonging to families now inseparably connected with the history of the mountain. From that day, up to the 15th of this month, not a trace of them was ever discovered; on that morning was discovered on the lower part of the Glacier des Bossons, a number of human remains and fragments of dress, accoutrements, &c., which have been recognized as having belonged to these hapless guides. These relics are stated to consist of:

1. An arm in the most perfect state of preservation, with the hand, fingers, nails, skin and dried frozen flesh intact, in no way discolored, part of little finger only gone. The length of this limb extends to the elbow.
2. Parts of two different skulls, with a good deal of hair remaining with the skin on both; one belonging to a fair man, the other to a dark one. The hair most wonderfully preserved in color, &c. One of these fragments was recognized by Julian Devoussour (a survivor of the 1820 ascent), as being that of Pierre Balmat.
3. Part of a guide's knapsack, with sundry portions of a lantern attached to it.
4. An iron crampon, which the guides at that time strapped on their shoes when they crossed the glaciers, &c., to prevent slipping.
5. Several portions of guides' dress, cravats, hats, torn portions of linen, portions of cloth, coats, &c., all easily distinguishable as belonging to men of the guide class.

Two of the guides who accompanied the party of 1820 are still alive, and it is said that Dr. Hammel still survives in England. The most interesting circumstance in connection with this recovery of the remains of these long ago mourned men is, that it is in exact fulfillment of Professor James D. Forbes's prediction, based on his



REVIEW OF CONFEDERATE TROOPS ON THEIR MARCH TO VIRGINIA, IN FRONT OF THE PULASKI MONUMENT, MONUMENT SQUARE, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, AUGUST 7. FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT.

the line, and carefully scrutinized the equipment, arms and bearing of the troops. He then inspected the artillery, which is of a far heavier calibre than that used at Bull Run. Eight batteries, numbering 48 heavy guns, then rode in thunderous line before the young Commander-in-Chief, and elicited his hearty approval. This closed the review, and by sundown the glorious pageant was over.

SCENE IN A STATION-HOUSE CELL, WASHINGTON CITY.

SINCE the appointment of the present Provost Marshal, General Porter, there has been a marked improvement in the public thoroughfares of Washington. Till then, too many of our officers imbued at Willard's and other fashionable bars, while their men drank at the lower grogshops. The result was a saturnalia of drunkenness and military insubordination, which culminated at Bull Run. As a specimen of the floating material that once carried outrage and disorder through the streets of Washington, but which now, under the vigilant régime of General Porter, finds its sobering level in the dormitory of a station-house cell, our artist has sent us a sketch of the incongruous elements which he found one early morning in the cell of a station-house. Such scenes are of course more or less common in all free countries during the infancy of a military necessity. Too much credit cannot be given to our energetic Provost Marshal for the temperate firmness he has shown during the trying inauguration of a system so novel to our great Republic.

TOWN HALL AND MARKET PLACE, ALEXANDRIA.

Even since the memorable 24th of April, when the chivalrous young Ellsworth, at the head of the ill-omened regiment of Fire Zouaves, took possession of Alexandria, it has remained in the possession of the Federal forces, most of the inhabitants having left. Its once well filled houses are now comparatively empty and closed up, and the

another committee of practical men, appointed on the part of the railroad, made substantially the same report.

Murder is murder, whether directly through the means of the revolver and the knife, or indirectly through the overpaid Railroad Director and his half-paid employé. We commend to the attention of our Grand Jury the recent case in London, England, where the Secretary of the Brighton Railroad has been committed to prison, and the signal man and Superintendent have been sent for trial for manslaughter.

A correspondent of the Tribune, who passed shortly after this appalling accident, thus recounts the mournful scene: "On the journey down, I enjoyed the melancholy privilege of witnessing, shortly after the catastrophe, the scene where the gallant 19th Illinois was hurled upon sudden, frightful and inglorious death. To describe the sickening and heartrending scene transcends the power of words. Just in the gray dawn, in the midst of a thick and clinging mist which aided horror to chill the blood, while the dripping leaves were burdened nature's tears for 'the unreturning brave,' I stood at the fatal bridge, in the dense and lonely woods, and saw mangled and shapeless heaps which had once been men drawn by dozens from the wreck. Broken muskets, shattered canteens, torn and bloody blankets, tatters of uniform dipping with gore, were scattered in wild confusion. Large fires were burning in many places, and the wounded lay around these, writhing in agony, vomiting blood, moaning in anguish, while purple streams stealing slowly along the ground or saturating their blankets, told the extent of their injuries. A jellied and unrecognizable mass was pointed out as having once been a gallant officer, while more than one poor fellow literally disemboweled was still alive. No battlefield could surpass the scene in horrors, while every redeeming feature, every reconciling association of the battlefield—intrepid chivalry, the giddy fray, the noble cause for which it is sweet to die, the compensating deaths of foemen—all these were wanting. Noble Illinoisans, lost to your country in the darkest hour of her need, we the more deplore you because you missed the rich experience of the hero's death upon the field—because to you the voice of death was not that prophet's word in whose hollow tones are heard the thanks of millions yet to be."

observations and knowledge of the laws which guide the motions of the glaciers. Professor Forbes, it is stated, has repeatedly told the Chamounix guides that they might look out for traces of their deceased comrades in the Lower Bossons in about forty or forty-five years after the catastrophe, and that he told Auguste Balmat in 1855 to keep a look-out. From the discovery, therefore, we may deduce a satisfactory demonstration of the glacier theory now accepted by men of science.

OATHS IN CRIMINAL PROCEEDINGS.—The new Act (24th and 25th Vict. cap. 66) has been printed, the object of the Act being to give relief to persons who may refuse, or be unwilling from all-god conscientious motive, to be sworn in criminal proceedings. Any person called as a witness in any court of criminal jurisdiction in England or Ireland, required or desiring to make an affidavit, refusing or being unwilling from alleged conscientious motives to be sworn, is to be permitted, on the judge or other presiding officer being satisfied with the sincerity of such objection, to make a solemn affirmation or declaration in the following manner: "I, A. B., do solemnly affirm and declare that the taking of an oath is, according to my religious belief, unlawful; and I do also so solemnly and sincerely affirm and declare," &c. The solemn affirmation is to be of the same force and effect as if the party had been sworn. The Act will take effect on the 1st of October.

NEVER SAW THE SEA.—Each branch of the fine arts has contributed its quota to the roll of unexpected successes and sudden bounds into celebrity. There is the story of Poussin impatiently dashing his sponge against his canvas, and producing the precise effect (the foam on a horse's mouth) which he had been long and vainly laboring for; and there is a similar tale of Haydn, the musical composer, when required to imitate a storm at sea. He kept trying all sorts of passages, ran up and down the scale, and exhausted his ingenuity in hooping together chromatic intervals; and strange discords. Miss Curtis (the author of the libretto) was not satisfied. At last the musician, out of patience, extended his hands to the two extremities of the keys, and bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed, "The ocean takes the tempest! I can make nothing out of it." "That is the very thing!" exclaimed Curtis, delighted with the truth of the representation. Neither Haydn nor Curtis, adds the author from whom we quote, had ever seen the sea.

The recent Paris census shows that no fewer than 23,000 persons are employed on photography and photographic processes in that city.



GRAND REVIEW IN WASHINGTON OF EIGHT BATTERIES OF ARTILLERY AND THREE REGIMENTS OF CAVALRY, BY THE PRESIDENT, GENERAL McCLELLAN,



McClellan, and a portion of the cabinet, Tuesday, September 24.—From a sketch by our special artist attached to General McClellan's command.—See page 327.

THE SWEET LITTLE MAN. Dedicated to the Stay-at-Home Rangers.

Now, while our soldiers are fighting our battles,
Each at his post to do all that he can,
Down among rebels and contraband chateaux,
What are you doing, my sweet little man?

All the brave boys under canvas are sleeping,
All of them pressing to march with the van,
Far from the home where their sweethearts are weeping;
What are you waiting for, sweet little man?

You with the terrible warlike moustaches,
Fit for a colonel or chief of a clan,
You with the waist made for sword-belts and sashes,
Where are your shoulder-straps, sweet little man?

Bring him the buttonless garment of woman!
Cover his face lest it freeze to the van;
Master the Apron-string Guards on the Common,
That is the corps for the sweet little man!

Give him for escort a file of young misses,
Each of them armed with a deadly rattle;
They shall defend him from laughter and hisses,
Aimed by low boys at the sweet little man.

All the fair maidens about him shall cluster,
Pluck the white feathers from bonnet and cap,
Make him a plume like a turkey-wing duster—
That is the crest for the sweet little man!

Oh, but the Apron-string Guards are the fellows!
Drilling each day a new set of troubles began—
"Handle your wa king-sticks!" "Shoulder arms—relax!"
That is the style for the sweet little man.

Have we a nation to save? In the first place
Saving ourselves is the sensible plan—
Surely the spot where there's shooting 's the worst place
Where I can stand, says the sweet little man.

Catch me confiding my person with strangers!
Think how the cowardly Bull Runners ran!
In the brigade of the Stay-at-home Rangers
Marches my corps, says the sweet little man.

Such was the stuff of the Malakoff-takers,
Such were the soldiers that scaled the Median;
Tireless housemaids and docile thrifty Quakers
Brave not the wrath of the sweet little man!

Yield him the sidewalk, ye nursery maidens!
Sneak out past! Bridge, and right about! Ann—
Pierce as a shark in a school of megalomaniacs,
See him advancing, the sweet little man!

When the red flails of the battle-field thrashers
Beat out the content's wheat from its bran,
When the wind scatters the chaffy accusers,
What will become of our sweet little man?

When the brown soldiers come back from the borders,
How will he look while his features they scan?
How will he feel when he gets marching orders,
Signed by his lady love's sweet little man!

Fear not for him, though the rebels expect him—
Life is too precious to shorten its span;
If man her broadsword shall raise to protect him,
Will she not fight for the sweet little man?

Now then, nine cheers for the Stay-at-home Ranger!
Bow the great flag horn and beat the big pan!
First in the field that is farthest from dan—er,
Take your wide feather plume, sweet little man!

—Boston Transcript.

ERLE GOWER, OR, THE SECRET MARRIAGE. By Pierce Egan.

CHAPTER LXIX.

ERLE GOWER, excited by his recent interview with Beatrice Stanhope, and as well by the awful appearance of her father senseless in his sudden fit of apoplexy, made his way to Pengreep's with no little difficulty. Weakened by his wound and by confinement, he found the way long and toilsome, and paused once or twice, doubtful whether he should be able to command strength sufficient to reach the old man's residence, but he persevered, for the more he reflected upon what had transpired between Sir Harris Stanhope and himself, and the explanation he had had with Beatrice, the more confirmed he became in the belief that a deep scheme had been laid by Lord Kingswood to get rid of him, and that Sir Harris Stanhope had been acting as a willing and unscrupulous agent in the plot.

The door opened even while he thus reflected, and he perceived old Nezhah Pengreep standing on the threshold, regarding him with a very remarkable expression lighting up his wrinkled face.

Erle ascended the steps, and was conducted up a flight of stairs to the room which had for a short time served as his sitting-room. Old Pengreep pointed to a seat.

"Sit down," he cried. "Sit down, Erle Kingswood. Destiny first directed your steps hither; instant has, secondly, brought you to me. You will have no need to pay me a third visit, for we will not separate now until you have your own and I have mine—mine—mine!"

Erle seated himself as directed, and old Pengreep laid both hands upon his shoulders, and stooping over him, looked into his face.

"You have been enduring trial and suffering pain," he said, in a short, sententious manner. "Lord Kingswood, and, aye, Horace Vernon, have subjected you to trial, but who has inflicted the pain?"

"It was the deed of an assassin," responded Erle. "I was lately confined by Lord Kingswood, at Kingswood Hall, in an old chamber in the east wing. An enemy, by an artifice, drew me to the window and then fired a pistol at me. Fortunately the ball took an oblique direction, glanced from a rib, and passed almost harmlessly through my side. The aim was a deadly one, but Heaven averted the fatal direction of the bullet."

"An enemy," mused Pengreep; "an enemy," he repeated, with stern amazement. "You do not, in the name of all that's human, intend me to believe that Lord Kingswood placed a hired ruffian in the chair to slay you by a stratagem?"

"Unquestionably not," returned Erle, quickly and emphatically. "The hand that directed the bullet at me I had disabled in a previous conflict of mine. Unable to cope with me in a combat, he, I presume, took that mode of settling the rivalry that subsists between us."

"Aye," cried Pengreep, thoughtfully. "I told you when you came hither that you had blood upon your hand—I saw the brand; but as I ascertained that you had not been pursued by the officers of the law, I presumed that, in one of those fits of passion peculiar to the Kingswood blood, you had wounded a servant, and that matter had been compromised. Tell me—and be assured that mine is no idle curiosity—whose head it is that has been raised against your life, and what is the nature of your rivalry?"

"Mr. Pengreep, the rivalry is one I for certain reasons will not describe," returned Erle, coldly. "and the name of the individual who fired at me can be of no moment to you, as I alone shall take upon my shoulders the responsibility of settling the matter."

"You don't know, you can't tell," exclaimed old Pengreep, sharply. "One special reason for declining to explain the character of the rivalry between you and I, I presume, is that the name of a third person would be involved."

"You are correct," answered Erle, almost coolly. "but permit me to say that the subject to which you are alluding has nothing to do with the object of my visit to you."

"It appears to me to have a very great deal to do with it, young gentleman," responded Pengreep. "The third person is a lady; the rivalry is to gain her affection. For your future success, if traditions are trustworthy, the Lady Maud St. Clair should be the name of the third person, and that of your rival Philip Avon."

"You told me when last I was in this chamber that I had a mission and a destiny," rejoined Erle, fastening his eyes steadily upon him. "Isabel has made the same assertion, if in other words; both have left me to guess what the first is and what the latter may be. To work out my mission, Isabel placed me in Kingswood Hall, a creature of terror to Lord Kingswood, a mystery to all within the household, to myself a thing at times the most hateful, at others the most wronged. But every scintilla of knowledge which would enable me to determine the nature of the right by which I stood beneath Lord Kingswood's Hall, and the wrong I was there to redress, was kept from me. I am sick of these vague insinuations, those implications, hints and suggestions. I want facts, I care not how few. One, indeed, will determine—I am or I am not of honorable birth. If the former, I will pursue my right until it is acknowledged or I perish; if the latter, the world shall hear of me no more. I am, therefore, here to implore you, if you know and can prove the particulars of my birth, to impart them to me."

"I can do that, and I will, for your hour and mine is come!" exclaimed old Pengreep, with a peculiar vehemence.

He rose up and went out of the room with a hurried step and an excited manner, and returned with the packet of papers which had been pilfered from

him by Phariase and Albertina Phariase, née Virgo, and which he had recovered in no remarkable manner.

"Your title, your estates, your name, fame, happiness are contained in this insignificant-looking packet," he exclaimed, with a species of high-wrought enthusiasm. "They were nearly lost to you for ever—for ever," he said, with a growing sort of chuckle; "they were all but in the hands of Lord Kingswood. But I had a suspicion that my relation, by a kind of fortuitous marriage remove, Miss Albertina Virgo, and my housekeeper also, was playing me false. I discovered, by an accident, that she had commenced a shameful flirtation with the valet of Lord Kingswood. I detected that some plot was in operation against me, the success of which was to be rewarded by converting the ancient spinster Virgo into the blooming bride Phariase. When about, I placed a watch upon my house, and my vigilance was rewarded by my detecting Phariase and Virgo in the act of flight; he followed, marked them down, and enabled me to come up with them at the moment the sinister no longer was placing in the hands of the newly-made bridegroom this packet."

"Give it to me," cried Erle, with nervous excitement.

Old Pengreep put the packet behind him.

"Wait a moment," he said, with a sharp emphasis. "Tell me how much of your history Vernon has communicated to you."

"Absolutely nothing upon which to hang a proof or even belief," replied Erle, quickly.

"So I suspected," he rejoined with a sneer. "Have you received any suggestions, assertions, or communications respecting your origin from any other person?"

Erle, with some hesitation, briefly related the heads of his recent visit to Kingswood Hall and his interviews with Eltra.

The name of the old woman of the hunting-lodge had a remarkable effect upon old Pengreep. He listened with an intensity of attention to every word respecting her which fell from Erle's lips, and when he had concluded he paced up and down the room.

"Strange and wonderful," he muttered. "The fool hath said in his heart: 'There is no God.' The fool hath said in his heart, too, 'I will not believe in the power to make revelations to every word which is uttered, said, living, moving, breathing.' As well say there is no Great, Wise, Directing Hand!"

Then he seated himself before Erle, and said, as he commenced to open the packet which he had brought from his own room.

"I must go back, in order that you may clearly comprehend your own history, and the relation in which others stand to it, to a period antecedent to the mysterious placing of the child named Eltra Kingswood at the door of the old hunting-lodge in Kingswood Chase. At one time there was a branch of the Kingswoods, numerous in family, and unfortunately conspicuous for the profligacy of its members and the exceeding beauty of its females. The most came each to an untimely end, and the women to some disastrous fate or other. The mother of Erle was young and exceedingly lovely. She was a Kingswood, but by a very distant branch of the family, which is strangely reunited in your person, as being the son of her daughter and of Lord Kingswood."

"You speak with decision respecting my paternity," said Erle, interrupting him with some little eagerness.

"Because I only want one small proof to complete your identification beyond the shadow of dispute," returned old Pengreep. "Do not, however, interrupt me. The mother of Erle was seen by one of that branch of the Kingswoods of which I have just spoken. With a glance at her face he recognized his heart to her. With the impetuousness of a young man, he sought to seduce her—married her in secret. He bore her from her home, kept her secluded from her own family and his, because to be engaged to be married, when they met; Erle's mother was a nobleman of high rank, and her young husband to a house of vast wealth. He only awaited his coming of age to acknowledge his clandestine marriage, for he loved his youthful and lovely wife passionately; but unhappily he died in giving birth to Erle. In his antique grave at that sad event, he revealed the truth to his father, who cunningly listened to him with seeming tranquility, although he was infuriated with passion; soothed, caressed, and did all to assuage his son's grief. He took charge of the child, and dispatched it with the note, of which she spoke to you, to his father—Eltra, who is unhappy history he knew, while as he was, but too well. He tricked her into a belief that the child Eltra, too, had died, and thus persuaded him to wed the heiress to whom he was betrothed. The match proved an unhappy one; he became recklessly profligate, and in a drunken outrage which he committed was slain. His father died after him—and thus Erle was never claimed or removed from the hands of old Eltra. But as the only child of Walter Kingswood—who died without issue by his second marriage—he became entitled to the vast possessions he enjoyed at his death, and which since have passed into another channel. You are, however, the true heir to them—as, in fact, you are to the race, for in your person now there is united the direct line with that of the most remote—and you will easily be enabled to recover them, for the proofs of the marriage of Walter Kingswood with Erle, his cousin—erased time removed—rest with me."

"You?" exclaimed Erle, with surprise.

"To proceed with my story, which I can now bring to a close in a few words. When Erle had reached her girlhood, and was yet in her seclusion in the Chase, the present Lord Kingswood, by accident, beheld her. He afterwards came frequently to try and obtain interviews with her, but only partially succeeded in these attempts when Eltra discovered them, and in order to frustrate them, removed her to the residence of one who had been a friend in days long past; and knowing Eltra's history, pitied, and would, if she had been permitted, have befriended her. The place to which she was removed was the mansion of the Vernons, at Huntingford—her friend, Mistress Vernon, a widow, Horace Vernon, returning from college, fell deeply in love with Erle, and his suit, honorably proposed and as honorably sustained, though not actually accepted, was not denied. It appeared to progress favorably, when Horace Vernon, in an evil hour, brought home to Huntingford Lord Kingswood with him. Erle loved him, and she knew it then. Under protestations of honorable intentions, vows of constancy, and all the bubbling froth of passion insinuated, he implored her to fly with him. The ban of the House was upon her, and she consented. Lord Kingswood was young then, and not so much a villain but that he made a show of keeping faith with her. Almost at their first stage, it may be said, he, to calm her fears, went through the ceremony of marriage—erred a deep plot was laid to deceive her. Sir Harris Stanhope was the instrument; but Providence defeated the infamous project, and the ceremony was legally performed in the eyes of law, and as sacredly in that of Heaven. There, in fact, is the entry in the parish register-book, which has been abstracted in order to preserve it, and there you will see the signatures of all engaged in the ceremony properly attached. I have here also a copy which was written by the clergyman who performed the marriage."

Erle took hold of these papers as Pengreep handed them to him, and his hand trembled as he perused them with intense earnestness and in deep silence.

While he remained yet silent and in deep emotion, Pengreep continued the history of events to the present, and acquainted Erle of his mother.

"The blow was too heavy for her," he said. "Vernon sought, after he had rescued her from the verge of an ignominious death, to restore her mind to something like composure—to assuage her griefs, and to assure her redress; but she disappeared abruptly. She fled from him. He did not know her name. He sought to claim her to a life with which she had done. She returned like a wound add dove to the dove-cot. In the old hunting-lodge in Kingswood Chase she was retained. There she died; and near to it, in the shadow of the trees that wave over the gloom, lower, she was buried. A solitary hillock, which only the tall grass and the modest wild flowers bend mournfully and silently over, a lowly black cross, by this time hidden in luxuriant weeds, are all that mark the resting place of the child—she has the rightful place of interment in the mausoleum of the Kingswoods, the best of whom were surpassed by her in all those virtues which elevate human nature to that of angels."

Erle took this position up to him. It was clear that he could come to no compromise with Lord Kingswood. Were he to be so dishonorably selfish as to let his mother lie neglected in her lone grave, without any attempt to care her name from the cloud that rested on it, for the sake of being on friendly terms with his father, he but deceived himself. His mother's memory must be cleared with the recognition of his legitimacy; and he muttered, with a bitterness of tone that made old Pengreep start.

"The wronged to right,
His own to regain,
Shall toil and fight
In a row and pain."

"Sorrow and pain indeed! My mother loved passionately, sincerely and truthfully—loved this man, my father! Were he living, every blow I aimed at his peace would stab her in the heart. And I—cruelly as he has wronged her and myself—I feel that my heart yearns towards him—I want to be clasped in his embrace—to be gazed on by him with eyes of affection—to be spoken to with words of tenderness—to be called by him son—to look back upon my long, long term of isolation with the proud contemplation that it had ceased, and that before me I had a world of parental love glowing, burning, all my own!"

"What—do you pause?" almost yelled old Pengreep; "do you hang back? Shall I point to you again your mother, pale, young, beautiful, standing all but lifeless in the criminal's box, in which she was placed by your father's hand?"

"Silence!" cried Erle, in a voice which drowned old Pengreep's speech.

"Think you I have forgotten that I am of a doomed race? that I have an execrable mission as I have an inevitable destiny to fulfil? But because I feel—because these gushing tears will force their way from my eyelids—I tell you, man, it is not a sign that I find in spirit or falter in purpose. I am a Kingswood! I inwardly know that outwardly and legally you have proved it; and though my heart be crushed and my life be the price of my efforts, I will unwaveringly pursue this my task to the end."

"Amen! Amen!" cried old Pengreep, bowing low down to Erle, and then rubbing his hands together with a species of gleeful satisfaction. "Your sentiments are creditable to your nature," he added, "and your resolution is an admirable one. It is this: There exists in my mind at least no moral doubt of your identity, and it can be almost positively proved by circumstantial evidence—but not quite. Now, I wish to establish it legally beyond the possibility of question, and I think I possess the means."

"What are they?" asked Erle, displaying a natural anxiety.

"Observe, here is a pocketbook," replied old Pengreep, producing a black one, and opening it. "It contains memoranda of certain events; indeed, it is a diary carried from one period to another, and is in the handwriting of the present Lord Kingswood. It is wholly in reference to yourself. It speaks of the abstraction of Erle's child, relates the incidents attending its removal and the placing it in the charge of an old couple residing in a forest. Accompanying it is a statement of the child's death, and a burial, which I am in a condition to prove false; but in this statement it is incidentally mentioned that the child has a bright crimson spot on the back of its right hand."

Erle started, for old Pengreep made a sudden plunge at his right hand, and pointed to a bright red spot, frayed at the edges, as though it were a splash of blood.

"I recognized that spot when first I saw you in this room," he exclaimed. "I recognize it now. Then I knew its true import. I know it now!"

"He bears the Kingswood brand
Who hath blood upon his hand!"

Erle examined his hand; he had, of course, long known of the existence of the mark, which in his school-days had been termed a cherry-spot. At times it had been well defined, and at other times faint; now it was a bright, clear, round, scarlet spot.

"Our path lies before us; not a moment is to be lost," Pengreep cried. "We must to Kingswood Hall, and there, without the aid of Horace Vernon, without other aid than these irrefragable proofs, establish our claim. Lord Kingswood may threaten you, disclaim you; do what he will now, he cannot disinherit you. You will triumph. So shall I!"

"Suppose I grant that your view is correct," rejoined Erle, a little sternly. "Am I to be the instrument of your vengeance, whatever it may be, too?"

"Yes!" cried old Pengreep, sharply. "You cannot help it. You must be independent of your will, because my revenge is bound up in your triumph. Perhaps mine is a poor and paltry matter, and it will inflict merely a sting, a pang, a spasm, that is all—but it will do that, and I shall be satisfied. Listen to me. Who I am and what I am no one knows but Eltra; the secret will die with her—and with me. I am old, skinny, shrivelled—a scarecrow. I was not always so. There was one of the collateral branches of the Kingswoods nearly allied to that Walter Kingswood of whom I have spoken existing at the time of Eltra—your mother's—birth. It was sparingly represented, as within the last century all the branches dwindled to only one or two members. They have now become extinct; the one I speak of yet exists. An old man and a child came from a distant part of the country to settle down on an old patrimony of the family near to Huntingford. It had long been mortgaged, but the mortgage was at length paid off, and Alan Kingswood, with his daughter, came back to their own again. The daughter was not less beautiful than any of her race, and bore a striking resemblance to Eltra and to the portraits and statue of Lady Maud of 1555 now at Kingswood. I was much in her society, and my heart was not made of stone."

He turned round, and facing Erle, said:

"I had thought—but phew, there is a spring in a rock—hem—let me see. Well, I wooed and I had—I thought wrong—no, the curse of the House was on her. Vernon came and thought to find in her smiles tenderness and caresses, solace for the loss of Eltra. He took her from me—married her—"

"Married!" echoed Erle, with amazement.

"Yes; rich, position—perhaps he was younger and handsomer than I," muttered old Pengreep; "at all events, she became his—ah! to be cut down like a lily by the scythe of the braided-mower."

"But—but," cried Erle, quickly, "then Violet—"

"Hush! That is a tale for another day," interrupted Pengreep. "I am prepared for our journey. Fate, destiny, instinct—what you please—presentiment if you will—prepared me for your coming. I am ready for Kingswood. Look Almighty Heaven firmly in the face and attend me."

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

It was night again, when Erle, accompanied by old Pengreep, entered Kingswood Chase.

Suddenly they appeared before the tower of Erle Kingswood.

Old Pengreep clasped his arm. He pointed to the tower.

"Whether, o you?" he said harshly.

"To my mother's grave!" he emphatically replied Erle.

"The tower is to conduct you thither is mine. Follow me, O son of Erle!" said a hoarse voice near to them.

Both turned and beheld Eltra close to them, standing beneath the shadow of an aged tree.

Old Pengreep uttered a strange cry, which catching Eltra's ear, she turned her unnaturally bright eyes upon him and perceived his features with a long and searching gaze.

"Thou!" she cried, "Thou!"

"Eve!" he said, in a low, guttural tone, "Remember your oath. I shall be true to mine. The grave yawns for you and for me—let the past be buried with us. Our task is nearly ended. The dawn is breaking."

The aged woman totered forward, beckoning to Erle, who, with a countenance whiter than marble, stood awaiting her summons.

They passed in silence beyond the old frowning tower, which, crested with black ivy, looked blacker and gloomier to him than it had ever appeared before.

At length old Eltra reached a scant opening in the trees, made in some far-off time, and she pointed with her crutch to a small mouldy mound upraised among the rank weeds and broad-leaved daisies. It seemed garlanded with the simple primrose and cowslips, the violet, the harebell and other of the indigenous flowers of the wood, and they twined, too, up and around the black cross, which, rudely-fashioned, stood at the head of the mound.

"Erle rests there," she muttered, in broken tones.

Erle sank upon his knees by its side, and cried:

"Mother, mother!"

He pressed his clasped hands to his brow, and buried his face among the flowers.

The aged Eltra bent down her limbs, too, in prayer, and Pengreep, faint and with quivering frame, leaned for support against the hoary trunk of an ancient oak.

At this moment, from out the hollow recesses of the oak's trunk, an owl of huge dimensions flew, and descending to the mound, settled on the black cross and raised its mournful hoot.

The tones distressed Erle, intense as was his anguish, and he rose up slowly and silently.

He gazed upon the strange bird, which did not move at his presence, and from thence upon the aged tree, which spread out its gnarled arms, and threw a shadow on his mother's grave; and then around him with an aspect of wonder.

"I have seen this place before," he murmured.

"It is the copse of the white fawn," she muttered, in an almost unearthly tone.

"In my dreams," he said, slowly, "the youth beneath this tree wooed this maiden, and you bird—"

Old Pengreep rustled suddenly at the owl as he spoke.

He had observed it sway backwards and forwards, and he caught it as it fell from the cross.

"It is dead!" he exclaimed, and held it up.

Erle gazed at it fixedly for a moment, and then stooping down without uttering a word, he gathered some of the wild flowers which bloomed over the grave, kissed them, and placed them in his breast.

As they retraced their steps past the tower, Eltra said,

"Are you seeking Kingswood Hall?"

"Aye!" said Pengreep, in decided tones.

"It is late, and there is sickness, if not death, within the Hall," she exclaimed, in hoarse tones.

"Who lies within there sick?" Erle asked. "Lady Kingswood?"

"No," she replied; "Lady Kingswood is far away. I saw her sit like a phantom through the Chase in the white moonbeam mist. She is not there, nor is my Lord of Kingswood."

"Dance, you inflict torture upon me," he cried. "Who is it that lies within Kingswood Hall near to death?"

"The white fawn of the first line of Kingswood," she returned. "You have flowers in your breast; make them into a garland, and hang them round her fair neck. That will win her back to life though her last breath quivered on her lip. Go thither as thou wilt, but for the time let it be in silence and secrecy. Farewell! Fulfill your destiny; we shall meet again."

She turned and disappeared within the lodge.

Erle moved thoughtfully away, followed by old Pengreep, whose character appeared to have undergone an extraordinary change. There was a quiet, sorrowful dignity about him which he had not exhibited before.

Had Lady Maud been in health, he had still an important inducement to enter the ancient portion of the Hall, because, when he laid himself down to rest upon the old bed upon the night preceding his capture there, he had placed the small ebony box he had found within the picture-gallery beneath his pillow. There it had been left, and there it now remained if it had not been discovered.

He was perplexed at first what steps to take, but after a little reflection he decided upon entering Kingswood Hall by the secret entrance to the Chase.

He communicated to Pengreep his position, and before he had acquainted him with his resolve, the mention of the ebony box threw the old man into an extraordinary state of excitement.

"By Heaven!" he exclaimed, "if you find that you will solve the Wonder of Kingswood Chase! The House has known for centuries that some dread deed was enacted in the Chase, but what it was has remained undiscovered. Baron Erle Kingswood erected a statue to Lady Maud, his cousin; beneath it he placed the words, 'The Unavenged,' and the date '1555.' Beyond that nothing is known. If within that box a manuscript exists the dead will speak. In the name of The Unavenged, let us on!"

Animated by what Pengreep said, and also by his manner, Erle hurried on, and they soon reached the secret entrance to the Hall.

All the impediments to access to the old chambers were overcome, and Erle, with a throbbing heart, entered the old bed-chamber. He gazed hurriedly around him. It seemed frowning, gaunt and grim enough to have scared one less served to his task than he. He passed his hand swiftly beneath the pillow, and produced the box.

Pengreep seized it and gazed at it with trembling eyelids.

"It is the same as that represented in the picture in the hunting-lodge," he ejaculated. "Let us to the library. I have the means of procuring a light."

Erle, excited as himself, felt an intense anxiety, and with hurried but light step, conducted him by the way now known perhaps only to himself, into the long dark, drear apartment, where the tall, dark, armored figures stood silent and horrible in their aspect, and the old tones were ranged like skeletons of the dead. Erle remembered that when Philip Avon, attended by the officers, approached the library in search of him, he had, having extinguished his lamp, placed it in a nook. He proceeded to that nook and drew it to him, and Pengreep lighted it.

Erle, who had possession of the box, was about to open it, when Pengreep pointed to the statue of Lady Maud, and said,

"Let it be opened before her, where her cold and inanimate face may be turned towards us, and from whence her disembodied and unequal spirit may hover over, and direct you how you shall lift the doom from the race of Kingswood."



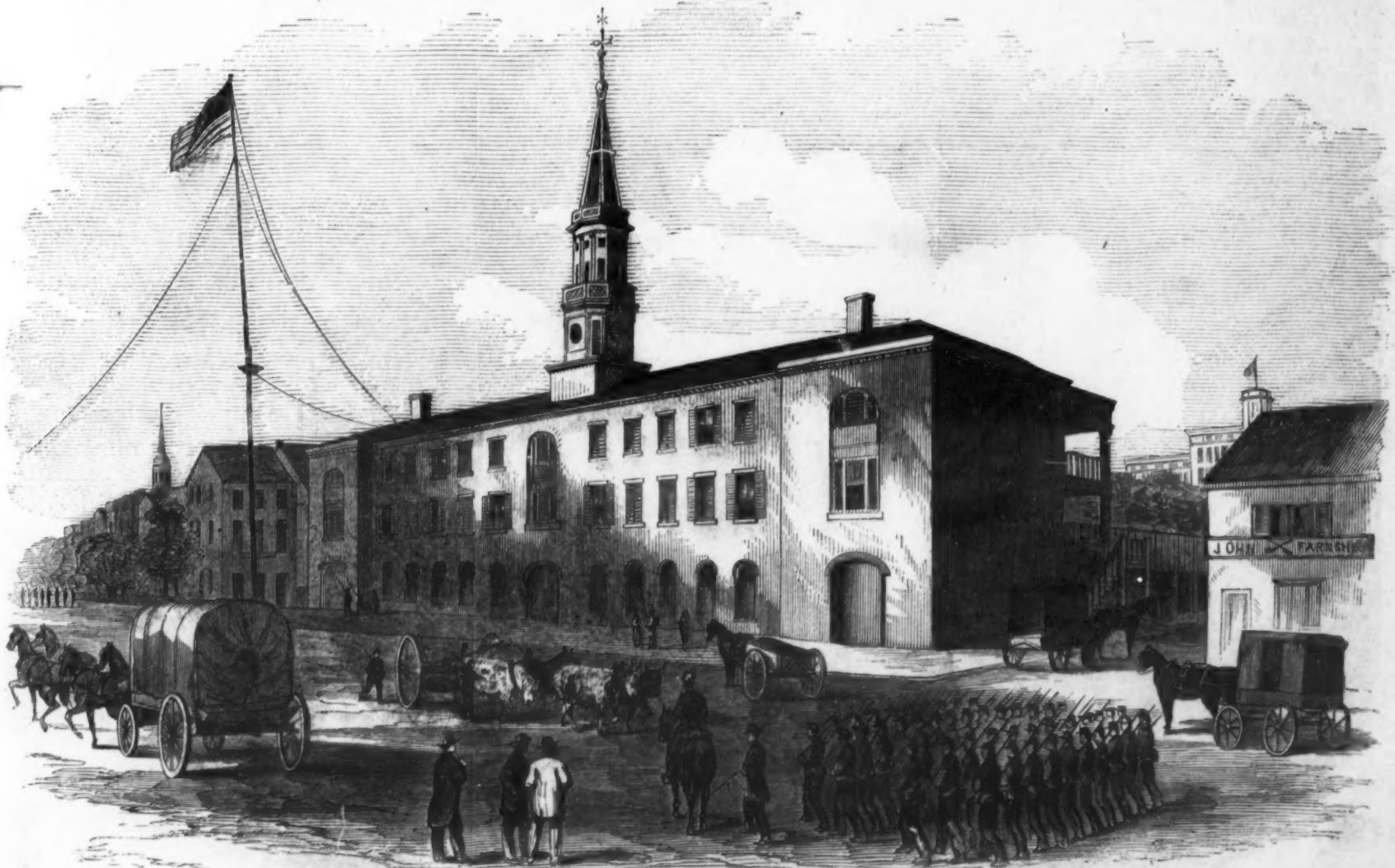
THE HUMORS OF A PRISON—SCENE IN A STATION-HOUSE CELL, WASHINGTON, AFTER THE APPOINTMENT OF THE PROVOST MARSHAL, GEN. PORTER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN WASHINGTON. SEE PAGE 327.

As he counselled so Erie performed. He took the box in his hands, and knelt at the pedestal of the Lady Maud. Then he lifted the lid, and withdrew from within a parchment manuscript of several pages. Erie turned his eyes to the manuscript. It was written in a rough, bold hand, but in a character which if he had not been learned in the written lore of the period he would have been unable to decipher. He proceeded to read, in a low tone, quivering with excitement, as follows:

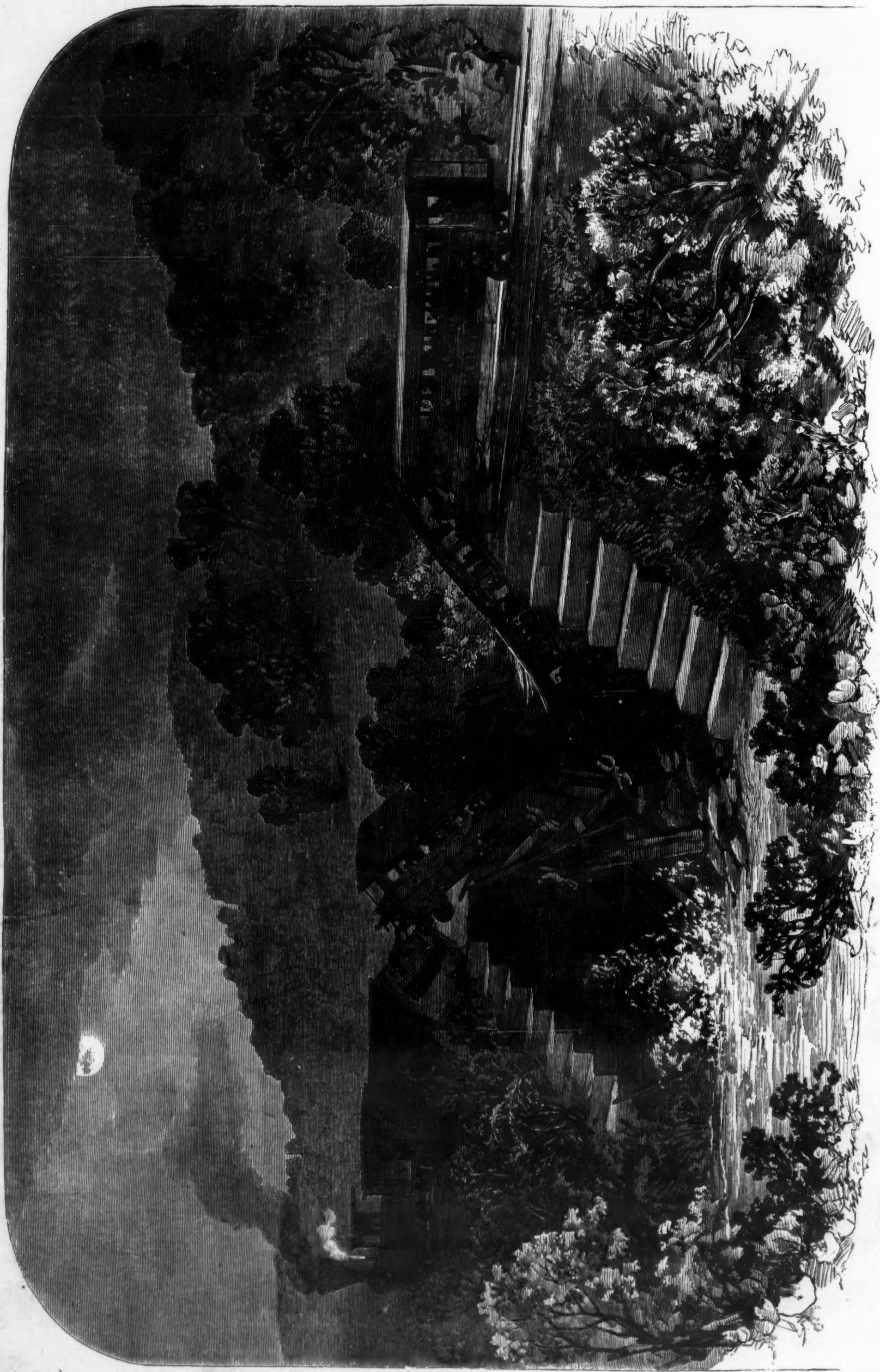
"I, Baron Erie of Kingswood, do here make confession to him, or to her, or to them who may discover the secret hiding-place in which I shall deposit this

writing, of my most dreadful deed of guilt. My cousin, Lady Maud, of Brightstowe, deprived of both parents by the inroads and ravagings of murderers and plunderers acting under warrants falsely purporting to be signed by Henry VIII., of that day king, was brought up within the Hall of Kingswood, a charge left to my father and to my mother, to cherish and to protect. We were reared as brother and sister, and then it seemed that between us much affection did not exist. But when I sprang towards manhood I found that her exceeding beauty had won my heart in spite of her cold reserve. I was, perhaps, not fitted to play the soft wooer in a lady's chamber, for the wild sports of the

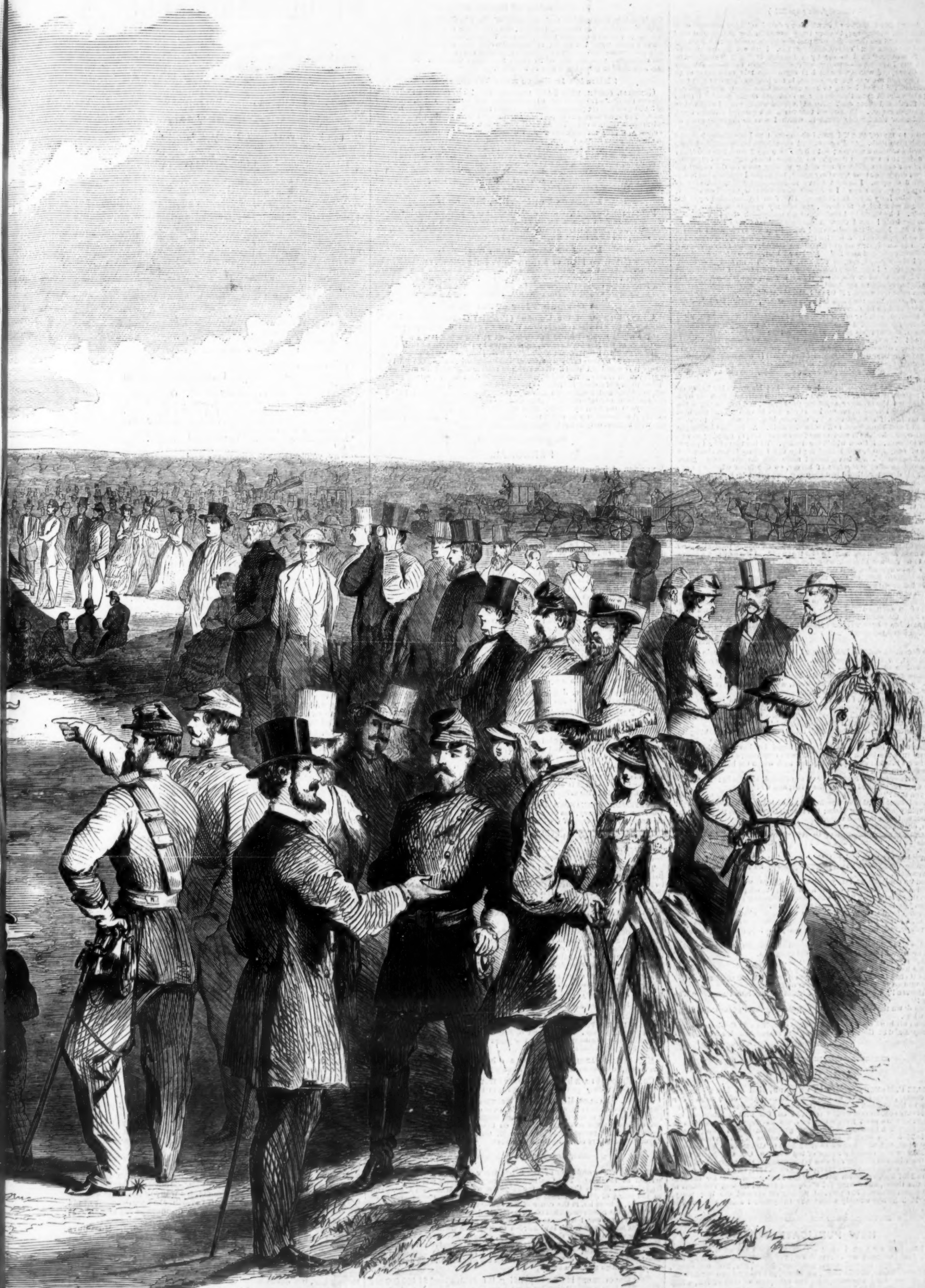
chace were with me a passion; but I loved her. She who had been frank with me in childhood was coy when I appeared, or sought pretexts to evade my presence. I tried then to draw her attention to my love by garlanding her favorite white lawn with the fairest flowers I could gather. One eve I found her in a copse with her fawn; she was caressing it, and she kissed the flowers I had placed around its neck. I broke through the thicket and threw myself at her feet. I told my love, and after I had passionately urged her to return my love, she imprinted a kiss upon my forehead, and I called her my own. She was not my own; at least, another claimed her. (See page 334.)



TOWN HALL AND MARKET HOUSE, ALEXANDRIA, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GEN. M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 327.



TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD, NEAR HURON, INDIANA, 143 MILES WEST OF CINCINNATI, ON THE EVENING OF SEPTEMBER 17, IN WHICH UPWARDS OF 100 MEN OF THE NINETEENTH ILLINOIS REGIMENT, COL. TORCHIN, WERE KILLED AND WOUNDED.—FROM A SKETCH BY HENRY LOTT, ESQ.—SEE PAGE 327.



TON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 325.

ERLE GOWER.

(Continued from page 331.)

"Walter Avon! Black Walter of Hawkebury dared to lift his accursed eyes to her, to seek her, waylay her, to pour lying words in her ear against me! So that when she met me—he would turn pale and weep, would shrink from my embrace, and too often gaze reproachfully at me. I did not then understand the cause. It was explained to me by a follower of Black Walter's, who averred that the Lady Maud—spotless as the untrodden snow—met Walter Avon in the Chase, and wandered with him there. He told me further of an assignation they had made to meet at sunset, in the hunting-forest, at that time without a tenant, for I had begun to lose my taste for sport, and preferred wandering alone and in cruel thought in the thickets of the wood. When I heard the ruffian's statement dark thoughts entered my mind. I resolved to attend the assignation too. The sun set that night in a glowing crimson flood, as if to foreshadow the terrible event in which I was to make so grim an actor.

I had sworn to myself that if I found the story true I would slay her, and hack him limb from limb. As I approached the thicket leading to the lodge I fancied I heard a woman's scream; but a bird flew away from a tree above my head, screeching as it went. I thought: no more of the scream—but my quick and practised eye caught sight of something moving towards the end of the thicket. I ran onwards at the top of my speed, breathless I reached the lodge, and found the door open. I heard a heavy footstep ascending the stone staircase, and I sprang up the steps. I entered a room and saw, seated on a chair, Walter Avon, with Lady Maud in his arms. Her face lay reclining upon his shoulder; blood mounted to my brain, ran into my eyes, through my veins, into my hands. Like lightning I unshathed my sword—oh, God! I buried it to the hilt in her body! As I drew it out, encircled with her blood, he leaped to his feet. I caught Maud—dead!—in my arms, and I made a deadly blow at him, but only raked his face. He drew a dagger, and retreated to the door. I followed, striking at him as we leaped, rather than descended the stairs. Then he turned and fled. I followed him, but, encumbered with the bleeding body of Maud, I could not keep pace with him, and he escaped. I turned into a glade; I laid the lifeless body on the grass; I bowed up the ghastly wound, and while in the act of lifting her, a ghastly mock from the Abbey of Kingswood stayed my hand.

"Who has done this murder?" he said, sternly and fiercely.

"If it be murder, then the act is mine," I answered, angrily, for I liked not the bitter expression on his face.

"Cain," he cried, pointing to her pale, calm face, "also is thy near kith."

"I raised my fist and flung it to the earth. He uprose, blood rushing from his mouth, and levelling his finger at me, cried:

"Accursed! The brand of Cain be on thy brow and upon thine hand. Thou shalt not rest on earth nor after death, thou nor thine, nor those to come after thee, until one bearing thy name shall mingle his blood with hers who now lies bleeding there. And so shall dead-day come ere one of thy now accursed race shall lift the doom you have called down upon them and their heirs for ever!"

"His blood from me or I should have slain him. But his words lay heavy on my soul. I raised the body of Maud from the crimson turf, and bore her by a secret passage into the chamber adjoining the library, and laid her upon the bed. All that night I tried to restore her to life, but in vain. Then troubled thoughts of my fate, if charged with her murder, haunted me, and in much agony of mind I cast about what to do with the body. At length I bethought me of a chest which had been sent to me from across seas, of cunning device in respect to its locks. It stood within the library. Within that chest I placed the remains of Lady Maud, and locked it; the key I placed in the ebony box with the manuscript. Years have passed since that dreadful time. Black Walter disappeared after that night of horror, no one knew whether; but I learned after his departure that I had been deceived; that he had taken steps to poison the mind of beloved Maud against me, and that he had on the fearful night on which I slew her, inveigled her to the wood. On meeting her there, he, upon her refusal to speak to him, seized her with the intention of carrying her off; she fainted; he fled with her in his arms; I pursued. What follows I have related. I have kept my dreadful secret. I dare reveal it in no other fashion than this, for I have a beloved boy upon whose name I would not cast stains. The loss of Lady Maud at the time caused great consternation, but as I conducted the search for her, no tidings were obtained respecting her. The monk perished miserably, having been set on by a mob of peasantry, and for aught I know, revealed not what he saw that night. I have caused a statue to be made to the memory of Lady Maud. It bears the date of her death, and I have appended to it the words, 'The Unavenged,' forasmuch as Black Walter hitherto hath escaped my vengeance. But he has returned to his home, he hath set rumors afloat concerning my crime, and I go to meet him in mortal combat. Should I fall I shall leave a Kingswood to draw attention to Lady Maud from the blood of an Avon. For until a Kingswood shall hold the life of an Avon within his grasp, so long will Lady Maud remain unavenged, so long the doom rest on the House of Kingswood. I testify to the truth of what I have here written. Maud, murdered saint! have mercy on me! May God assuage my soul!

"ERLE, BARON OF KINGSWOOD"

There the document ended. Erle drew a long, deep breath, and rose up and gazed on the soft, sweet face of the statue. A tear sprang into his eye.

Pengreep whispered in his ear—

"Erle, Baron of Kingswood, fell by the hand of Walter Avon. So has it been down to the hands of Lord Kingswood, who, it is whispered, met his death foully in the hands of the late Sir Philip Avon."

"So shall it be no longer, I swear," cried Erle, with intense emotion. "I have had the life of Philip Avon quivering on the point of my sword and flitting round my bullet; I, a Kingswood, have drawn the blood of an Avon, and Lady Maud, the Unavenged, I will avenge you!"

"Come, come let us examine the chest," cried Pengreep, with trembling lip, "the secret is not yet all revealed."

Erle, highwrought by what he had read, found his hand tremble so he could scarcely turn the key in the lock. He well remembered the secret spot wherein to insert it. The sharp, sudden click with which the bolt shot back in the lock made them both start.

At the same moment the blood of Pengreep chilled, and his hair seemed to slowly rise up. He clutched Erle by the wrist, and whispered,

"Hear you that?"

Both at one instant heard the sweeping rattle of silk and the sound of light footsteps rapidly approaching them; but though they strained their eyeballs until they ached they could see nothing.

A solemn, deathlike stillness ensued. Erle silently pointed to the chest, and both exerting their strength, lifted up the lid. The hinges gave forth a harsh, grating noise as they raised it, and it fell back against the wall with a sound like thunder.

With hearts beating with violence, they paused and listened, but the same deathlike stillness reigned as before; there appeared no signs of interruption from the household.

Erle raised up the lamp, and they both cast their eyes within the chest. There, coiled up, muffled as it were in a cloud of silk, which seemed to shrink into dust as they gazed upon it, lay a skeleton; a glittering gem sparkled upon the neck, and jewels and pearls gleamed upon the wrist.

A gasp burst from the lips of Erle as he beheld the ghastly object crouching where it had been thrust on the night of the cruel murder—lying where it had been deposited, without moving or being moved, for three hundred years.

"The Lady Maud," he murmured, in a deep and solemn undertone.

"The Unavenged avenged," exclaimed old Pengreep.

"Not yet," rejoined Erle, with knitted brows.

"The dawn has come!" responded Pengreep.

"Ay, and it shall be day ere long," said Erle, with a bitter emphasis. Pengreep uttered suddenly an exclamation of horror.

"Holy Heaven!" he ejaculated, in accents of absolute terror. "Who comes here?"

He pointed down the library. Swiftly approaching them advanced a figure clothed in white.

Erle pressed his hand upon his heart to keep down its wild throbbing.

"The Lady Maud St. Clair!" he exclaimed, in scarcely audible tones.

(To be continued.)

OBITUARY.

HON. WILLIE P. MANGUM, of North Carolina, died at his residence in Orange county, in this State, on September 11, at the age of 69 years. In some years he had suffered with paralysis, and it is probable that the recent death of his only son, from a wound received on the field of Manassas, depressed his spirit to a point from which he could not rally. He was born in Orange county, North Carolina, in 1792, and graduated at the University of that State in 1816. He studied law, rose to eminence in his profession, engaged in politics, and was elected to the House of Commons in his State in 1818. In 1819 he was elected a Judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina, and from 1823 to 1826 served as a representative in Congress. He was elected a United States Senator in 1831, re-elected in 1841, and for a third term in 1849. In 1857 North Carolina gave him her 11 electoral votes for the Presidency of the Union, and during Tyler's administration he was President of the United States Senate. His political preference favored the Whig party, but since 1858 he has entirely abandoned the political arena and lived in retirement.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE DEFENDERS OF THE UNION.—This is the title of a very fine engraving just published by GUTHRIE & Co., 772 Broadway, embracing portraits, well grouped, of Generals Scott, McLean, Butler, Dix, Fremont, Sigel, Wool, McDowell, Banks, Heintzelman, Anderson, and Commodore Stringham. They are all truthfully executed, with the exception of that of Dix, which bears more resemblance to Lamartine than any other modern.

JAMES G. GREGORY (successor to Townsend & Co.), 46 Walker street, has published Key's "Star Spangled Banner" and Drake's "American Flag" in this but sumptuous quarters, with all the glories of illuminated covers by Hows, wood cut illustrations by Bailey, and music by various composers. Every taste is consulted in their production, and they are beautiful, useful, and appropriate contributions to the centre table and piano.

WAR NEWS.

Storming of Romney.

On Monday, September 23d, 500 men of the 4th Ohio regiment, one piece of artillery, the Ringgold Cavalry, and 400 of the 8th Ohio regiment, on Monday advanced from New Creek, Western Virginia, toward Romney. They found a rebel force 700 strong, at Mechanicsville Gap, and drove them out; they then passed on and stormed Romney, driving the enemy, 1,400 strong, to the mountains, with the loss of 25 killed and many wounded. The national loss amounted to three killed and 19 wounded.

Skirmish in Force near Washington.

GENERAL SMITH, with 5,000 men, on the 25th, made an advance beyond the Chain Bridge towards Lewinsville. The advance corps, consisting of 3,000 men and six pieces of artillery, halted about half a mile from Lewinsville. The guns were put in position on the right and left of the road, and skirmishers thrown out. The national forces then waited from half-past nine o'clock A. M. till three o'clock P. M., the enemy making no sign of an attack. In the meantime our men engaged themselves in loading wagons with hay and corn belonging to Lewinsville rebels. Finally the enemy appeared in force, consisting of at least four regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and six pieces of artillery, and opened a fire which was repulsed to. After the Union forces had thrown about twenty-six shot and shell, the rebels disappeared. The troops returned at five o'clock, with over 90 wagon loads of hay and one prisoner, and with the credit of having behaved admirably.

Fight at Papinsville, Missouri.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL LANE, of Kansas, surprised a superior force of rebels at Papinsville, Mo., on the 21st, and after a severe fight, routed them, losing 17 killed, and a large number wounded. The rebels lost 40 killed, 100 prisoners, and all of their tents, wagons and supplies.

Fight at Lucas Bend, Missouri.

FROM CAIRO, we learn of a skirmish at Lucas Bend, on the Mississippi river, between a cavalry company, commanded by Captain Stewart, numbering 75, and a company of rebel cavalry. The latter were pursued into Jeff Thompson's camp at Belmont, with the loss of four killed, five captured, and many more wounded. The remainder scattered into the woods.

A German View of the War.

A LATE number of the Cologne (Prussia) *Gazette*, has an intelligent article on American affairs, from which we take the subjoined extract:

"The whole civilized world has an interest in this war. It is a war which the people of the Northern States, conservative by the nature of their industrial and political habits, could not longer put off; and it is a war which, under perhaps other names, many a nation of Europe will have to take up in its turn. It is with the United States as with us: the feudalism of the middle ages is arrayed in arms against the citizenship of the nineteenth century; an exploded theory of society is lifting up its head against the triumphs of our thinking, industrial and progressive century, the poverty-stricken lion Quixotes of the Southern plantations give battle to the roaring warhounds and smoking chimneys of the wealthy North. It is the supercilious noble in arms against the spirit of the century in which the citizen is supreme. In such an issue we can wish success only to the Constitutional Government."

PERSONAL.

A NUMBER of influential persons in California, admiring the noble and patriotic course pursued by Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, in the present conflict, have sent to Boston for his portrait, with the purpose of having a life-size likeness executed by one of their best native artists. The picture is designed for one of the public institutions of San Francisco.

REV. B. C. WARD, pastor of the Congregational Church in Geneseo, Illinois, has applied for and obtained authority to raise a company of infantry to be composed entirely of ministers of the Gospel. In his address to his fellow clergymen he says: "Christ now calls them out from behind their velvet cushions to track to meet the enemy face to face, with the hot shot of rifle artillery and the gleaming bayonet."

THE *Tribune's* Jenkins tells us that "Mrs. President Lincoln is engaged in qualifying herself for the more delicate exigencies of her exalted station. She is about to resume, under competent professors, the study of the French language, with which her early education made her familiar, but the practice of which has long been interrupted by the quiet but unceasing occupations of domestic life. We also understand that in other and similar ways Mrs. Lincoln proposes to add to the many accomplishments for which she is already distinguished, and which supply to the saloons of the White House its most brilliant adornments."

THE French Emperor and Empress are said to be fighting like cats and dogs over imputed derelictions of conjugal duty. The *grandes dames* of Europe refuse to visit the old-débutant Montijo. The King of Sweden saw no hostess at the Tuilleries, for "when your royal visitors bring their royal wives I will be at home to assist in the reception"—and that is another cause of discord. So the story goes, half false, doubtless.

THE venerable Rev. John Pierpont, the poet, has accepted the position of chaplain of the 22d Massachusetts regiment.

THE Portsmouth *Gazette*, the oldest Democratic newspaper in New England, over 100 years established, gives notice of suspension, after one more issue, unless its revenues are largely increased.

THE Legislature of Virginia has repealed all the honors ever conferred upon General Scott, and ordered Scott county to be in future "Davis" county.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Evening Post* says, "General Scott can never more take the field. He cannot mount a horse, he can scarcely ride in a carriage, but his mind is clear and vigorous, and his opinions are eagerly sought for. Still in his ashes glow their wonted fires."

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER DALLAS BACHE, Superintendent of the American Museum of Natural History, has been elected a Foreign Corresponding Member of the Academy of Sciences of the French Imperial Institute.

THE King of Prussia, commiserating the failure of the National Hymn Committee and the dearth of lyrical poetry in the Republic, has kindly sent Prince Salm Salm. There is no story that he is to be stationed at Sing Sing.

THERE were two BARONS in the Revolution—Commodore James Barron and Captain Richard Barron—both in the Virginia navy. James had two sons, Samuel and James. The latter, late of the United States Navy, was the one who killed Decatur. It is his son, Samuel Barron, who was captured at Fort Mifflin.

MR. RUSKIN, the great art critic, is engaged on a volume of Swiss Sketches.

MR. ROSSITER, the painter, has made arrangements to receive at house, Cold Spring, a number of female pupils. The instructions of such an artist, and the picturesque charms of the scenery of the Highlands, will probably secure an early application from those anxious to avail themselves of such conspicuous advantages.

MEYERBEER has consented to compose a march for the opening ceremony in connection with the Exhibition of 1862.

REV. COL. McCARTER, formerly of St. Paul's M. E. Church, in Philadelphia, is raising a regiment for the war, and has already enrolled 700 men.

LELAND STANFORD, the newly-elected Governor of California, is about 58 years of age. He is a son of Josiah Stanford, of West Troy, N. Y. He studied law in Albany, but for a few years past has been engaged in mercantile business in Sacramento.

MRS. SUSAN PARRISH, a wealthy and benevolent lady of this city, lately deceased, has left \$1,000 to the Newboys' Society.

COL. FRANK BLAIR has been released from arrest by Gen. Fremont, "for public reasons," and ordered to his regiment.

MESSRS. CHARLES MIEL, late of Harvard University, and Eugene Fezandie, late Chief of Instruction in Paris, have opened an establishment at 10 Union Square, for instruction in the French language, through the medium of lectures, and readings, beginning on the 1st of October. M. Fezandie bears the highest recommendations from M. Garcin de Tassy, and other distinguished members of the Institute of France.

THE sanitary condition of the rebel army on the Potomac is described as shocking. The Charleston *Mercury* of August 23d says: "The frightful condition of the camp is the subject of universal interest and alarm. In the spirit of Spartan fortitude we are willing that our troops should be sacrificed, if need be, in the cause of the country. But that they should fall victims to the mismanagement of an inefficient department is utterly unendurable. It is not our business to depose and reform. But it is our duty to expose that inefficiency which is disastrous to the public welfare. Ten thousand lives are now being squandered through this folly. The fruits of the great battle of Manassas have been sacrificed to this almost criminal fatality." A correspondent of the Savannah *Republic* states that "in a certain Mississippi regiment two-thirds of the entire command is on the sick list, and the deaths have reached as high as nine a day."

THE Government is now expending, it is said, about \$1,000,000 per day. This sum is mainly distributed in the loyal States. Nominally, the outlay is to carry on a war, to crush out treason, to rub out rebellion. Practically, however, this immense sum is a premium to the industry of the loyal States. Not only do our brave soldiers and sailors receive an honorable recompense, but the money of the people employs our mechanics and operatives or many kinds, gives business to our factories and foundries, and to those who deal in all sorts of provisions and supplies. As the war goes on, its benefits to the home communities of loyal people will be more and more apparent.

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

CHAPTER XVIII.—FACE TO FACE.

My uncle was evidently on the point of being strangled, when Augustus interfered, by dragging Ornela from his opponent by main force. The woman had recovered from her swoon and disappeared, before I thoroughly understood what was going on. I then saw Ornela standing over Monsieur Charles, and casting a sullen, dissatisfied look at Augustus. Monsieur rose on his elbow and looked up savagely.

"You shall smart for this treatment," he growled. "Who is this madman?"

"Shall I tell you?" said Augustus, in a bantering tone; then, stooping down with a sardonic smile, he whispered something in my uncle's ear.

"It is false!" cried Monsieur, looking overwhelmed, nevertheless.

"Where are your proofs?"

"Rest assured we have them."

"Bah! who will believe you?"

"The law will."

Monsieur, in spite of his fright, seemed rather tickled by this last answer. Ornela had suddenly disappeared; so he indulged in a harsh, uneasy chuckle.

"I say, do you know what that creak of yours put me in mind of?" asked Augustus, sneeringly. "The creaking of gallows-chains. Old jailer-bird, you're anticipating a day not far distant."

Monsieur Charles made no answer to this, but kept his eyes fixed on mine.

"My time is coming," he muttered fiercely, "and it shall come heavily for you, my fine ruffian, and the boy there. You've set your wit against mine, and it shall go hard with me if you don't smart for this night's work. Let the woman go. She is my wife, and I shall claim her at your hands shortly."

A cloud came over the face of Augustus, who seemed, for the moment, to see danger ahead.

"Perhaps you will; perhaps you won't," he muttered. "Don't forget, though, that if you drive us into a corner, there'll be blood drawn."

"I'll hang you all!"

"Dear me, how considerate. I fancied you'd sown all your hemp for your own consumption."

"Bah! I leave you to your reflections. Out of the way, boy."

He stalked along the churchyard, and, leaping the wall, walked along the road. Augustus and I followed, taking the opposite direction. Directly my uncle was out of sight, Augustus seemed troubled and perturbed in spirit.

"Look seems against us," he muttered, bitterly. "What is to be done?"

"Why, you have the law on your side."

"No."

I looked at him in surprise; but he only shook his head gloomily. "Law is his natural element; he revels in it, and always succeeds in it. I saw him smile to himself as he left us; and I'm certain a dangerous idea has crept into that bad head of his. What shall we do?"

"Go into court, tell the whole truth, whatever it may be, and come out again in triumph."

"Yes, in triumph—in the van. Who'd believe Ornela, with his rambling imagination? Who'd believe me who have scamp written on my very face? Nobody. Who'd believe a gentleman of fortune with an innocent and humane expression to gild his fine clothes? Everybody."

"But the woman," I said, "the —"

"Mad!" remarked Augustus, finally.

"It cannot be. Miserable, mysterious, but not mad."

"Mad, for the doctors say so. Mad, because she has been violent. Mad, because her story is an incredible one, which she has no written proofs to support."

"Ah!" I sighed in a tone of mingled conviction and incredulity.

"Of course it's out and out folly to imagine that he'll yield without striking a blow in his own defence. But what do I stand talking here for, when there is work to be done? Where is Ornela?"

"He slipped away after the woman, while you were talking to my uncle."

"Worse and worse. Come, put your best foot forward. They must have gone in this direction."

As he walked, or rather ran, along the highway, I conjured Augustus to explain away the mystery of that night, on which seemed to depend the mystery of my past life; but he shook his head stubbornly, and answered only in riddles. I felt vexed to think he was so secret, and expressed my vexation.

"It is for your own good, my boy," he said, kindly. "I have no wish to awaken hopes which may be destined to disappointment. Better that you should be blind for a time, than that you should open your eyes to misery. Be patient, and all may, all will be well."

"But have you crimes to lay at my uncle's door—charges that will ultimately hold good in law?"

"We have; and if the law don't recognize them, we must prosecute them unlawfully."

"How?"

He smiled sardonically, but made no reply. I persisted—

"Little as I know about the matter, I'm sure that you won't gain your ends by violence."

"We shall have our revenge!" he muttered, with a grin. I thought him wicked.

"We shall have our revenge," he continued, "if we hang for it."

"I hope all will be in your favor, and that you will not be driven to extremes."

He turned upon me with a fierce and malicious suddenness.

"Why, man," he cried, "if I were to open my mouth now, and tell all I know, you'd kill him yourself. You'd kill him, I say, if you've an ounce of living blood in you."

"Again, is there no other means of satisfying your feelings? Bloodshed, at the best, is a fearful alternative."

He bowed his head. When he looked up again, the expression of his face was half sad, half fierce. His mind seemed wavering between sorrow and hate.

"Henry!" he said, pausing, and looking me full in the face. I stopped unconsciously. "Christian people have a doctrine which divides the world equally into tyrants and slaves. This doctrine, when an enemy smites us on the one cheek, steps in to request us to offer our enemy the other. Bah! It bloodshed viler than torture of body and soul—than the slow poison administered under cover of a smile, and which, after long years of agony, ends fatally!"

"Perhaps not. But can bloodshed recover the victim of the poison you speak of?"

"It can cleanse away that poison from the blood of those connected with the victim. Enough. You are young, and your sufferings are and have been nothing. Martha will not rest in the grave until I have called her betrayer to account."

We walked on in silence, gloomy and perturbed. I pitted, but could not respect, the wild ravings of my companion. He was clearly a tolerably good man, who had been spoiled by the world's rough usage; and his standard of ethics was one very different from that by which lads of eighteen are accustomed to measure themselves.

Little as I loved my uncle, much as I loathed and feared him, my blood crept at the thought that I might, however unwillingly, be concerned in his death. I dreaded to be herded with those who held out such dark threats against him. Monsieur Charles, villain as he was, was nevertheless my uncle, his was my flesh, his was my blood. It seemed wicked in myself to further the punishment of his wickedness. It was clearly my duty to discourage his enemies at all hazards, and even to protect him.

But then I thought of Elizabeth, and my blood boiled. Most boys are rash, and I was no exception to the rule. How suddenly had she changed her whole nature, as it expressed itself in her words and manner! She had never loved me; she had led me on from folly to folly by pre-plotted dissimulation and falsehood, and this on her own confession. I tried to despise her, but could not. I tried to pity her, but could not. Although she had never really loved me, her bare confession of the truth stung me on my tender bump of self-esteem. I was a boy after all; a weak, despised, ordinary boy. And what possible motive could my cousin and my uncle have had in thus deluding me? If I answered this question by supposing that monsieur had encouraged my attentions to his daughter for the purpose of strengthening his hold on myself, I simply arrived at another and more perplexing question. What object, good or

sinister, had my uncle in desiring to link me in such close connection with himself? My property, my money. There was the clue. I fancied, for I was sure that his object was a bad and selfish one.

"Augustus," I said, suddenly grasping his arm. He turned with a strange look.

"Augustus, who is that woman whom we met to-night? Who and what is she?"

"The ghost of your dead mother!"

"Nonsense! She is made of flesh and blood, and is no ghost."

"She is the ghost of your dead mother!"

"You speak in riddles. Why will you continue to mislead me?"

"I speak the truth, Henry. Riddle or no riddle, my words are true words."

"Then mamma could not have died, after all. I saw her in her coffin, stiff and cold, and I saw her coffin laid down and buried in yonder churchyard."

"Doubtless," muttered Augustus, in a sceptical tone of voice.

"Yet the woman we speak of lives; made of flesh and blood, and she draws breath like you and I. She seems to me more beautiful than my dead mamma. She has the features, but not the expression, of my dead mamma. Yet I cannot account for the fact that she still lives."

Augustus grinned, and moved on. After a momentary pause, I spoke again.

"Augustus!"

He again turned upon me, with the strange, scared look I had noticed before.

"Go on," he said, with an impenetrable insensibility.

"Augustus, be plain and honest with me. Who is that woman?"

"She is the ghost of your dead mother."

Do what I could, I found it impossible to persuade Augustus to tell me more. Naturally a talkative man, he became reticent and moody. He quite puzzled me; his serious manner accorded so ill with his incredible statements. He was evidently earnest; and I could not avoid coming to the conclusion that his mind was unsound. And if his mind was unsound, was I not committing an unpardonable error in listening for a moment to his statements? Might he not be systematically bearing false witness against my uncle, for some bad reasons of his own? But, no! vanity reminded me of the words of Elizabeth, and memory, calling up the strange, mysterious past, persuaded me that my uncle was not an angel.

As we walked along, Augustus grew more and more anxious about Ornamel.

"He is too weak-headed to be suffered to wander about alone; and I fear that bad consequences will follow if he meets again with the woman you've been asking me questions about."

"He could not harm her."

"No; but the shock of meeting alone with her might be too much for him. You seem surprised."

The fact being that I was puzzled again by remembering that Ornamel had claimed as his wife the woman whom Augustus said was the ghost of my dead mamma. If the woman was my mother, and if Ornamel's claim was a true one, then Ornamel was my father. This seemed preposterous, for my father had died abroad when I was quite a child.

It would be better, in the first place, Augustus thought, to see if Ornamel had gone home to the cottage, but to keep a sharp look-out on each side of the highway as we went thither.

It was now early twilight, and the shoulders of the eastern hills were wet with the silver dawn. Somehow the light made me uncomfortable. It had a strange chilly way of falling on my pale face, as if it had caught me in the act of doing something unlawful. Augustus and I seemed two prowling burglars vagabonds, whom the light had found out, and intended to expose to public censure.

Just before we reached the cottage we met a motherly-looking but commonplace woman, whom I recognized at once as Sarah.

"You remember Sarah, Mr. Henry?" said Augustus.

"On, yes," I answered, shaking hands with Sarah quite affably.

"And you, Sarah, of course remember Mr. Henry?"

Then changing his familiar tone for one of deep and terrible anxiety, he whispered,

"Has Ornamel returned?"

"Yes, he has!" And Sarah, looking very anxious, placed her finger on her lips to enjoin silence.

"Alone?"

"Not alone."

Augustus drew a long breath, and asked a question by lifting up his eyebrows. Sarah nodded. Then both cast a compassionate look upon me.

"I just stepped out here to tell you not to interrupt them," observed Sarah. "They are together, in their own room. Do not go near them."

"Are they quite calm?" asked Augustus, anxiously.

"Calm as babies," said Sarah.

Augustus waved Sarah back as he entered through the house door.

"Follow me, Henry," said Augustus, in a hot whisper. I followed him upstairs, noiselessly.

The door of Ornamel's room stood partly open, and we could just see into the room through the space between the hinges. We heard no words, but we heard the sobbing of voices, choked with tears.

Augustus placed his eye close to the aperture, and, as he did so, with difficulty suppressed a cry of wonder and surprise.

"Look!" he whispered, scarcely audibly, and I looked.

Ornamel was seated in a chair, with his face thrown forward on the table, sobbing violently; while the woman, kneeling by his chair, wound her long white arms round his neck, and wept too.

"Is this a dream?" murmured the voice of Ornamel. "Is this a dream?"

"It is no dream, dear," answered the woman. "Thank Heaven!"

And she wound herself closer to him, weeping, and kissing him tenderly.

"Come away!" said Augustus, beckoning me from the door.

So we left them, overwhelmed by their mysterious meeting.

CHAPTER XIX.—MONSIEUR CHARLES IS NOT IDLE. You may imagine how perturbed I felt in mind after witnessing this extraordinary meeting. My heart throbbed eagerly, and seemed to assure me that their joy was my joy. But my brain was as puzzled as an entangled skein. It suggested all sorts of absurd answers to the questions of my heart—answers which seemed absurd when viewed in the clear light of common sense. Argue the matter coolly I could not, for my wits were in a ferment.

Augustus led me down to the kitchen, and we seated ourselves by the fire.

"We must leave this place immediately," he said, in a decided tone.

"Where shall we go to?" I inquired, innocently.

"To London. Sure as that sun shines, if we delay here, he'll be down upon us. In London we shall stand some chance of eluding him. Mark me, Henry, I am avoiding him because I fear to face him. I'm avoiding him for the sake of a poor miserable fellow-creature who once served me a good turn. Should the aid of the law be called in by our enemy, that miserable fellow-creature is lost."

"You speak of Ornamel."

"Yes. It is necessary to convey Ornamel to some safe hiding-place. And the woman too! What is to be done with her? I'm in a mist! I'm in a mist! What can be done?"

"If, as you say, my uncle has been criminal, he surely will not seek aid from the law, save as a last resource."

"True; but, if he wishes to escape us at all, that last resource must now be sought. The events of last night have upset all my plans, and I confess myself puzzled."

"But the woman has committed no crime, and cannot—"

"Stop!" cried Augustus, his eyes flashing fire. "There is a hue and cry after her. She is an escaped lunatic."

"Is she, then, insane?"

"Insane or not, she has escaped from a mad-house—where her truest words have been taken for mad ravings. Medical men have pronounced her the victim of dangerous delusions."

I made no reply; for I was asking myself whether the woman was or was not *compos mentis*. For my own part, I had seen little in her manner to denote a mind unseated. Augustus continued,

"More than this, I am certain that Ornamel will never consent to part with her, to be separated from her, now that he has again set eyes on her. Reason is, with him, quite out of the question; for repeated heartache has made him the slave of his emotions. Death only can separate him from the woman—that I am convinced. This conviction doubles my perplexity tenfold."

"Would it not be better, then, to leave this place at once?" I suggested.

"Decidedly. Yet what do we know of the enemy's movements. Even now the police authorities may be on the alert to intercept us. Nevertheless, I would risk all; but I cannot."

"Explain."

"Fortune is against me, and my pocket is nearly empty. I have scarcely more than enough to pay my own fare to London."

"Could not Ornamel venture upon the journey alone?"

"Sheer madness. It would be worse than folly to trust him anywhere alone. He is as helpless as an infant—though, to be sure, his wits are clearer than they used to be. It cannot be done."

"Then I see no other plan than either to set out on foot, or to remain here for the worst. For my pocket is even emptier than yours. Indeed, to stay here will be best; for I'm sure my uncle has no idea of your whereabouts."

"Bah! They would hound me down like a dog, in a day. But I'll bite! I'll bite!"

He was white and savage, and he snapped his teeth like a hound at bay. Suddenly his features softened, and he placed his hand softly on my shoulder.

"Henry," he said, sadly, "wild and strange as this night has been, thank God for it. Thank God, for the sake of the two miserable creatures upstairs. Thank God, even if it be the dark herald of bloodshed. For wrong and suffering have met above there, calling to God against sin."

I was impressed by his calm, sorrowful face, and by his solemn voice.

"Come what may, Henry, those two miserable creatures must be saved—for each other. That flood of bitter tears may clear the crazy wits of Ornamel, and it may lend fresh energy to the heart of the woman. Thank God, then! The time for which we have been praying long has, at last, come."

"You puzzle me more than ever."

"I dare say; but you will soon have your eyes opened. In the meantime let the secret be kept hidden in your heart, that you may never lose sight of it. The time, I say, has at last come when a long account must be settled; and I fear I can only make it payable at headquarters. Hold no communication with the man or woman; but remember, on your soul, the griefs and bitter pangs of the half-witted man called Ornamel, and the sufferings of the woman who is weeping on his neck at this moment."

So it was determined that we should stay where we were until we could conveniently reach London; and that we should take the best measures to keep our persons hidden as much as possible. Augustus would communicate with some friends of his, and see what they could do to help him in the emergency. Just as the day broke Augustus persuaded me to go to bed in the little room I had before occupied, and I was soon dreaming calmly of Ornamel and the strange woman.

(To be continued.)

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